

# CORONET

OCTOBER

25c



*The most exciting story ever smuggled past the Fascists*

## **AGENT IN ITALY—by "S. K."**

*also Your Role as a Guerrilla Fighter revealed by Bert "Yank" Levy*



**Publisher:** DAVID A. SMART

**Editors:** OSCAR DYSTEL  
BERNARD GEIS

**Associate Editors:**  
HARRIS SHEVELSON  
BARBARA BRANDT

**Managing Editor:**  
ARNOLD GINGRICH

## Articles

|                                                         |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Your Role as a Guerrilla Fighter . . . BERT "YANK" LEVY | 3   |
| Psychosurgery Cured Me . . . HARRY A. DANNECKER         | 8   |
| The Flying Sons of Mom Chung . . . MILTON SILVERMAN     | 13  |
| How to Buy at Second Hand . . . SIGMUND SAMETH          | 20  |
| What's New on Color-Blindness . . . GRETTA PALMER       | 25  |
| Broadway's Big Brother . . . BERTRAM B. FOWLER          | 33  |
| Look Before You Vote! . . . HOWARD WHITMAN              | 40  |
| Plain Talk About Sterilization . . . VICTOR HUGO BOESEN | 45  |
| Concentration Camp—U.S.A. Style . . . MICHAEL EVANS     | 51  |
| Silk Stocking Diplomats . . . EDITH M. STERN            | 71  |
| The Dragon Goes to Press . . . CARL GLICK               | 79  |
| Brokers in Touchdowns . . . MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM          | 84  |
| These Little Okies Stayed Home . . . W. F. MC DERMOTT   | 90  |
| Jungle Drummer . . . DON VAN METRE                      | 119 |
| The Time I Tried Telepathy . . . SIR HUBERT WILKINS     | 125 |
| America's Mail Order Giants . . . KENT SAGENDORPH       | 155 |

## Fiction Feature

|                         |                  |     |
|-------------------------|------------------|-----|
| American Plan . . . . . | BAYNARD KENDRICK | 143 |
|-------------------------|------------------|-----|

## Features

|                                                                      |                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Road to Victory: <i>Picture Story</i> . . . . .                      | 55              |
| Too Tough to Classify: <i>Quiz</i> . . . . .                         | 76              |
| The Spirit of New China: <i>Painting by Martha Sawyers</i> . . . . . | 95              |
| The Gallery of Photographs . . . . .                                 | 99              |
| Top Men on the Menu: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i> . . . . .     | 133             |
| Agent in Italy: <i>Coronet Bookette</i> . . . . .                    | 161             |
| Should Roosevelt Be Elected to a Fourth Term?                        |                 |
| <i>Coronet Round Table</i> . . . . .                                 | EMIL LUDWIG 179 |

## Miscellany

|                               |                   |     |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Forgotten Mysteries . . . . . | R. DE WITT MILLER | 18  |
| The Best I Know . . . . .     |                   | 38  |
| Not of Our Species . . . . .  |                   | 49  |
| Carroll's Corner . . . . .    |                   | 88  |
| Your Other Life . . . . .     |                   | 131 |



## Cover Girl

Ignorance is supposedly bliss, but if North Carolina-born Ava Gardner had ignored a certain phone call (as she almost did) when she was in New York once, she wouldn't be in Hollywood now, enjoying a successful career, nor would she be Mrs. Mickey Rooney, a very happily married young lady. The Powers Agency, mecca of beautiful models, sent her picture to MGM. The phone call and a contract were the result. One of Hollywood's finest color photographers, Eric Carpenter, took this provocative pose of Miss Gardner for Coronet.

CORONET, OCTOBER, 1942; VOL. 12 NO. 6; WHOLE NO. 72

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1942, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.



*A veteran of the World War, a fighting man who did post-graduate work in Mexico, Palestine and Spain, tells how to stop the enemy in your own back yard*

## **Your Role as a Guerrilla Fighter**

by BERT "YANK" LEVY\*

**EDITORS' NOTE:** *What you are about to read is really a treatise on how to commit murder and mayhem—how to destroy property—quickly and efficiently. It is written by no arm-chair theorist, but by an experienced veteran of many a war in which guerrilla tactics were widely employed. It would not be published at all in ordinary times. Today, however, it is practical knowledge—tomorrow it might even be desperately timely knowledge. As a matter of fact, similar information is currently being short-wave radioed to Denmark—in the hope it is not too late. How much better had the Danes been able to receive such information before Denmark was invaded!*

**I**T COULD happen here just as it has happened across the sweep of the world from Norway to the East Indies. We could be invaded. And if that should happen—then you might be a guerrilla.

Against that possibility, there are some things you should know. Because then your own countryside becomes your battlefield. With the ene-

my in your back yard you will then have to know how effectively to harass him, to cut his supply lines, to intercept messages and to destroy equipment and supplies.

In the last war, people came to believe that guerrilla warfare was a thing of the past. With armies locked on fixed fronts there was no place in the scheme of things for the guerrilla. Then came the Nazi war machine. Armored columns thrust steel fingers deep into invaded territory, by-passing strong-points, leaving great patches of unconquered territory to be mopped up by the following infantry.

Here was streamlined warfare. Yet, strangely enough, it brought the guerrilla back into the picture. From the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War onward, the guerrilla has become more and more important. In China, millions of soldiers faced the modern armies of the Japs with little or no

equipment — guerrilla tactics their only hope. Thus the Chinese worked out a technique of guerrilla warfare — cutting off and annihilating isolated columns, blowing up ammunition dumps and in general making the war a nightmare for the Japs.

The Russians, too, had studied methods of meeting such a challenge. They, too, organized guerrilla warfare on a vast scale. As a result, pressure on the defending Russian armies was eased.

Some day, you in the State of Washington, Maine, Alaska or California may also be a guerrilla. For the sake of explanation, let's pretend you are one—now.

WHAT DO YOU DO? First, you look your countryside over—its roads, railroads and communication lines of all types. For along these routes will flow the invader's columns. Then you choose your hideouts, your spots to cache arms, ammunition and equipment. In addition, you learn what the well-dressed guerrilla should wear and some of the tricks he must have up his sleeve.

Your armaments will mostly be silent ones. For the guerrilla is a shadowy fighter. He hits and runs—for he is never in great enough force to make any attempt to hold the enemy at a given point. Somewhere our armies will be massing in strength to meet the invader. Your job is to disrupt as completely as possible his plans for attack and victory.

For clothes, choose something inconspicuous in color, preferably khaki.

Remember that you are going to have to operate under the noses of the enemy, and you must not get caught. So make it khaki—soft garments that will not be noisy when twigs and branches scratch against you. Maybe you'll have a tin hat. If so, you will cover it with burlap to hold twigs and leaves for camouflage when you are scouting from the edge of forest cover. Use burnt cork to blacken face and hands—for most of your work will be done at night.

You'll carry a pistol or rifle — or both. There will be times when sniping will be in order. But for the more effective and deadly work you will use silent weapons. A good nine-inch stiletto will come in handy. Or perhaps grandma has some of those old-fashioned hatpins. These make a most effective silent stabbing tool. You'll want a pair of binoculars, a small flashlight with a blue lens. Blue blends with the darkness and is difficult for the enemy to spot, but it is still bright enough for signalling.

Maybe you can pick up a cheese cutter, a length of wire with handles at either end. This makes a very efficient garrote. Most invaluable of all will be 25 or 30 yards of fish line. You will find countless uses for it—from trussing prisoners to springing booby traps.

In the cache with your arms and ammunition put a rubber sheet and a blanket along with spare woolen socks. Once you become a guerrilla the open country will probably be your home and bed. So, while you hide your equipment, spot a likely



place to sleep during the day (preferably a hideout with open country around it to guard against a surprise approach by the enemy). Most important of all, there must be an avenue of escape. Don't hide out in a one-way street.

The enemy has come. You have your stuff cached out. You have studied the countryside and know how to operate and how to keep alive. Naturally there will be others with you. You will have organized your guerilla unit with your officers and leaders. You will want to meet and make plans, though the nature of your work will keep you working alone or in very small groups, depending on the type of job you have to do.

PERHAPS the rail line will come in for your attention. If the railroad is (as it probably will be) picketed with sentries, spot them and take care of them first. This is where the garrote or the hatpin comes in, for you must be silent. If you have neither, a blow with a hammer between the shoulder blades will paralyze a man. If you wish to take him without killing him (a prisoner to be questioned) there are many tricks. Never step in front of him and order him to stick his hands up. He may know plenty of ways to beat you to the punch. Get behind him. Let him feel the point of the knife. Unbutton his coat and jerk it down around his arms. Slash his belt or suspenders and let his trousers drop to hobble him. Truss him with your fishline and get him out of the picture.

While you are at it, look for pens

and pencils in his pockets. He may have a tear-gas gun which can be made to resemble a pencil exactly.

Undoubtedly, though, the main flow of the enemy's power will be along the roads. Here will pass his columns of trucks carrying supplies, his motorcycle messengers. The lone motorcyclist, no matter how well armed, is made to order for the guerilla. Two men watching a road have for equipment a stout wire. One end is attached to a post or tree, three or three and a half feet from the ground; a brick is tied to the other. When you hear the motorcyclist approaching, heave the brick across the road to your companion. He hitches it to a post or tree and the trap is ready.

Be sure, however, not to run the wire squarely across the road. Make it cut diagonally across so that when the motorcyclist hits it his machine will veer off and crash into the ditch where you can jump him while he is



dazed. The motorcyclist will be carrying messages. Search him thoroughly. And I mean *thoroughly*. Comb his hair, look between his toes, rip his clothes apart. In your business, you can't afford to miss a trick.

Trucks and truck columns call for a larger guerrilla force. Choose your spot. Perhaps there is a place where trees grow above a road. If so, saw a couple of trees almost through. Then tie a rope to the trees and wait for your truck or trucks. When they arrive opposite you, heave—and down comes the tree. Then your party, armed with submachine guns, grenades or rifles, opens fire. The grenades will wreck the trucks. Your rifle and machine gun fire will wipe out troops.

When the damage is done, don't stick around. Your work finished, fade away as silently as possible and live to fight another day.

If there are no trees, there are

plenty of other tricks. For night work, get a pair of automobile headlights with a length of wire and a powerful battery. Fix them squarely in the road just around a sharp curve. As the truck rounds the curve, snap on the headlights. The average driver will swerve to avoid a collision. If he is travelling smartly he stands a good chance of landing his truck in the ditch. Again the grenades and usual procedure.

Fake obstacles in the road will often do the trick. A couple of baby carriages covered with sacking, even a row of pie plates upside down will scare the enemy. He will immediately suspect land mines. He will invariably stop and investigate. If your ambush is well-planned you have him.

PAY PARTICULAR attention to automobiles, especially if they have a motorcycle escort. You've got an officer there, probably a high-ranking one. Use your tricks to take him.

While a tank is a formidable machine, it is still vulnerable. A heavy tree across the road, a properly dug pit or a barricade may stop it. Perhaps it is travelling with the turret open. If not, it will open when it stops. Use your hand grenades then, with your snipers picking off anyone who shows his head.

Naturally there will be tank and truck parks. Men have to stop for sleep. If you can do away with a sentry or two and creep into such a park, you can do terrific damage in a few minutes. Slash tires. Puncture gas tanks with a skewer. Remember that

*This article comes straight from the shoulder-holster of "Yank" Levy, the best practical instructor in Britain today on the art of guerrilla warfare. "Yank" is a man*



*whose life has been punctuated by gunfire. Born in Canada, he was using real guns at an age when most little boys are playing with toy ones. During the last war, he served as a deck-hand in the Merchant Service. Afterward, bored, Bert went off to the Middle East to fight. Next came a little gun-running in Mexico. After that he served with the International Brigade in Spain. Today he's quieted down temporarily, teaching guerrilla tactics to Home Guardsmen.*

the modern army feeds on gasoline and oil. Bleed him of that on every occasion. Remove a spark plug and drop a small bolt into the cylinder. When the truck starts the motor will be wrecked. Pour sugar or syrup into the gas tanks. As soon as the sugar gets into the motors they'll freeze up in short order.

Cut telephone wires, chop down poles. Set fires, plant land mines and booby traps everywhere. (You are waging a war of nerves as well as destroying equipment and supplies—you want to work your enemy into a state of jitters.)

Remember that you are now a hunted creature. You live by your wits and powers of observation. Watch the wild beasts and birds. A sudden flight of birds from trees means that something has frightened them. See that you move quietly enough not to give yourself away.

If you think someone is approaching, stick your knife or bayonet into the ground and apply your ear to the handle. The earth is a conductor of sound. By this simple method you can detect approaching feet long before you could hear them by any other method.

Never forget that motion, especially hurried motion, is a dead give-away. If your clothes blend well with the background, as they should, you stand little chance of detection if you stand perfectly still. If, at night, the enemy uses star shells, freeze in whatever

position you may be in until the light dies. Do this and the enemy has little chance of spotting you.

There are a thousand things for you to learn if you are to be a good guerrilla. You must, with your companions, work out a system of communication. You must learn to live off the country, how to find shelter and food. You must learn to walk as an Indian walks, silently, leaving no traces of your passing. You must develop the patience of the hunter. You may have to spend hours inching on your belly over a short stretch of ground. Your success will depend upon your patience.

You may be a guerrilla one day. It is to be hoped you may not. But, just in case, better begin to study and organize now. And above all, study your countryside. Know every inch of it. Or your town or your city. The outwardly subdued clerk, sticking to his job by day, may be a guerrilla by night. In China, this method is used on a grand scale.

If you are a guerrilla, be a *good guerrilla*. And that means, first of all, a *live one*. Every man you kill, every piece of equipment you immobilize is a blow struck for your country. The wise move is to prepare now to strike such blows should it be necessary.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

CIVILIAN DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES

by Col. R. Ernest Dupuy and

Lt. Hodding Carter

\$2.50

Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York

**For Victory Buy War Bonds and Stamps**



*A tonic for the headline blues: this inspiring story of a nervous wreck, miraculously restored to normal life and happiness by a surgeon's knife*

## ***Psychosurgery Cured Me***

by HARRY A. DANNECKER

I THINK there are some 250 of us in the United States. Each has undergone the most delicate and probably the most dangerous operation known to modern surgery. Not more than 10 or 12 of the country's top-flight brain surgeons would dare to undertake the job.

Those of us who came through successfully are now well-adjusted members of our communities. Many of us are playing important roles in the nation's war effort. I, for one, am putting in about 65 hours a week designing tools for airplane manufacture in an Indiana plant.

But for three and a half years before the fateful operation on my brain, all I could do was run errands for my wife, plus a few very minor chores about the house.

If it were not for psychosurgery, as this new operation is called, I, like the others who benefited from it,

would still be the victim of deep-seated obsessions or great nervous tensions or suicidal intentions or persecution manias or intense feelings of depression. We would still be burdens on our families, nuisances or objects of pity in our communities and, of course, unemployable.

A FORAGING psycho-analyst would find my childhood a goldmine of clinical material. I was high-strung, apprehensive, a poor sleeper, subject to horrible dreams. My father, a Civil War veteran who had lost his hearing on the field of battle, was severe and afflicted with a violent temper. Cancer took my mother when I was 17. My father died eight years later.

Even as a boy I had an intense sensitivity, almost pathologic, towards the feelings of dumb animals. For instance, once a neighbor's boy visited me to show me his new B-B gun.

Before I could stop him he had shot a martin as it alighted on the roof of the martin box in our back yard. Horror stricken, I cried for hours; for days afterward I was plunged into the deepest gloom.

About this time I began to develop a violent facial twitching, a sort of exaggerated tic. Later on, psychiatrists told me that these contortions were caused during those years by my trying to restrain my tears of embarrassment or vexation.

In school I was a bright enough youngster, but my grimaces always made me the butt of school boy jokes. Only through odd jobs and an aptitude for most things mechanical did I manage to put myself through college. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say I drove myself through college—shunning and fearing most human contacts.

Immediately after graduation from college I married. My wife was—and still is—an intelligent and educated woman with an incredible store of patience and understanding. I can assure you she needed both these qualities during those dark years.

Somehow I managed to get a job teaching mathematics to high school classes. But my nervous mannerisms again made me the laughing stock of the student body. For my part I was too self-conscious and impatient to be a good teacher. And so, when I was 36, I left school to work as a draftsman and tool designer.

The Depression threw me out of a job and my nervous tension increased to a point where I could barely make

myself understood on account of incessant grimacing, sniffing and nose blowing during conversation.

As a librarian, my wife made it a point to check magazine articles and newspaper items which bore on psychological problems similar to mine. Doctors and psycho-analysts and psychologists were consulted—but always in vain. Examination after examination showed there was nothing in the world wrong with me—physically, that is.

LIFE WAS rapidly becoming intolerable for me. I knew my friends were whispering about me behind my back—or so I told myself. The nightmares had continued throughout the years and were becoming increasingly vivid—when I managed to sleep at all. I would be kicked by a vicious horse or find myself falling swiftly from a great height or suddenly I would be cast into a group of people who would turn upon me and mock me.

I could no longer do any of the repairs on our home I used to tend to. It became impossible for me to climb a ladder. I couldn't do jobs on our old Chrysler. I felt sure it would collapse on me if I were to get under it. Moreover, I felt as though I had a hook in each ear and that heavy weights were attached to each hook and I had to drag the weights along. My irritability and apprehension grew.

It was at about this time that I made up my mind that I would kill myself as soon as I found an easy way.

And then, on the evening of January 15, 1937, my wife came home



from the library with a clipping. Two well known Washington, D. C., doctors, it seemed, had perfected a delicate brain operation which had produced good results in cases much like my own.

At first I was unimpressed—pointing out to my wife that doctors hadn't been able to do anything for me previously—that we didn't have money for such expensive operations. But undaunted, Hazel that night wrote a long letter to the doctors in Washington, outlining in great detail my mental sufferings.

The reply was both prompt and friendly.

They informed us that since the operation was experimental there would be no charge—our only expenses would be travel, hospitalization and a few incidentals. That is, providing that after a thorough examination the doctors decided I would be a fit subject.

I was dead set against going to Washington for further examination until it occurred to me that the operation would be a simple way of dying without violating any religious injunctions against suicide.

IN THE HOSPITAL of the Medical School of George Washington University in Washington, I met the two men who thought they could help me: Dr. Walter Freeman, the neurologist and analyst of the team, and Dr. James W. Watts, the surgeon.

Dr. Freeman soon laid all his cards on the table. The idea behind their method was, roughly, this: repetitive

use and recurrence had brought into being, in the minds of the mentally ill, fixed patterns of brain cells which controlled their conduct. By constant recurrence, the obsessions, fears and phobias lost their migratory character in the brain and became permanent residents, so to speak. The trick, then, was to break up these patterns of brain cells by surgery—to break up the lines of communication which enabled these cells to dominate most of the brain.

As he put it, the trouble with me was that the thalamus, the seat of raw emotion in the brain, was controlling my frontal lobes—that part of man's brain which enables him to reason. With a surgeon's knife, this ascendancy of emotion over reason had to be broken.

At first, he went on, after the operation there would be bewilderment while the very adaptable brain forged new lines of communication to replace those which had been cut. But in the end the frontal lobes, the reasoning part of the brain, would come out ahead.

"You won't become a coldly thinking automaton," he said, "but instead there will be a more even balance between your reason and emotions—as there is in all normal people."

He went on to tell us of the four possibilities of the operation. I had about six chances out of 10 that the operation would be a complete success. I had about two chances in 10 that I would need another operation if the knife didn't cut far back enough in the brain. And then there was al-



ways that chance that the operation, if the knife ventured too far back, would leave the thalamus—the powerhouse of our emotions—in complete control. If this happened there was nothing that could be done for me. I would have to go through life that way.

Oh yes—there was still another chance—the chance of death. Three patients had already died.

I listened, looking out a window. People, nice, normal people, were going about their business on this fine spring day. People whose worst obsessions were tuna fish on wholewheat three times a week or avoiding the cracks in sidewalks. As from a distance I heard Hazel replying to Dr. Freeman. She said:

"Doctor, we have nothing to lose. Life is not worth living for either of us as it is. If there were no more than one chance in a million for him to recover, I would still want him to have that chance. Please—please go ahead with the operation."

I assented, too, of course. To me death under an anesthetic seemed simple, painless and guiltless.

The operation was scheduled for the morning of May 11, 1937. My scalp was carefully shaved. I was given novocain. The outer world dissolved in a blur and only sub-consciously was there any realization that it was my brain into which a drill was descending to prepare the way for the knife that would change my personality—or kill me . . .

YOU SINK deeper and deeper and deeper and then gloriously, miracu-

lously you are out of this world. I was driving a fine car through wondrous landscapes. I was building a beautiful house and humming to myself. No one stared at me or talked about me behind my back. So this was death . . .

No, you're still alive. Strangers would stop near me and say "Show your teeth," or "Clasp my hand." And I would. I don't know why. I was on the return journey.

A few days after the operation, I was able to reply in monosyllables. They told me I would smile vacuously for no particular reason. All the agitation and nervous tension seemed to have disappeared. At night I had pleasant dreams, and was completely unaware of the passage of time. Hazel kept a diary of my recovery and after a week made this entry:

"Mr. D. is at this time perfectly at ease, smiling and good humored. He is indifferent about the sensation in his ear of which he used to complain so clamorously . . . He reads books and magazines and knows what he reads."

Nine days after the operation I was discharged from the hospital to begin my readjustment to the world. I drove the car without difficulty, my wife directing me. We stayed at a tourist cabin near Washington so as to be near the hospital in case of a relapse. For some reason the sparrows on the lawn seemed awfully funny to me, and I laughed merrily at their antics. Otherwise I was apathetic and slept much, waking only when roused.

Back home again, I began taking a new interest in life. I worked on the

lawn, painted and repaired the house and did most of the housework while my wife worked at the library. I found that I could climb ladders and get under the Chrysler without that old fear overcoming me.

I acquired new pleasure in visiting with friends, no longer concerned with those old fears that they were talking about me behind my back. I was able to plan, to think logically.

One day, in the midst of some work about the house, an idea came to me—for an elliptical wheel grinding device. I plunged into work, developing my idea to the point where it would be patentable. It's designed essentially for tools in automobile manufacture. I finally obtained a patent, and a manufacturer is now interested in acquiring it for post-war use. Actually, I had this idea in mind for years but I couldn't seem to get it clear until after the operation.

Other things returned, too. Slowly, but they returned. My sense of humor, for example. I found myself cracking jokes with friends and injecting an occasional witty remark in conversation. I could even joke about the operation and join in kidding my-

self about a person getting along better with less brain.

Today I'm almost 60, but the old saw about "never feeling better in my life" applies with literal accuracy in my case. My old pathologic self-consciousness has left me to such an extent that I can address good-sized audiences with perfect ease. I've even spoken to medical gatherings a few times at the request of Drs. Freeman and Watts, who wanted to demonstrate me as one of their best cases. For some time now I've been putting in a 65-hour work week in a high speed war plant, but I don't feel very fatigued at the end of the week.

My purpose in writing this article is a simple one: it may give heart and courage to readers who have afflictions such as I had or who have friends with similar, miserable obsessions.

You see, there is a way out for many of these cases. True, it's a rather risky way out, but believe me it's one worth taking.

A chance to be normal again, to be friendly, to be good humored, to be able to emerge from that terrible underworld of the sick mind—all that, I feel, is worth any risk.

---

¶ Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD, *Letter to his son*

¶ The art of medicine consists of three things: the disease, the patient and the physician. The patient must combat the disease along with the physician.

—HIPPOCRATES: *Aphorisms*

¶ A bad patient makes a cruel physician.

—PUBLILIUS SYRUS, *Sententiae*

*When a woman has quintts, it's news, all right.  
But when she has 500 sons—all hard-fighting  
flyers—that's a real yarn. Like this one.*



## ***The Flying Sons of Mom Chung***

by MILTON SILVERMAN

DR. MARGARET CHUNG, American-born Chinese physician, has been promised exactly 7,126 Axis airplanes—14 planes apiece from each of her 509 adopted American sons.

The deliveries are already coming in. Her little office in San Francisco's Chinatown is rapidly filling with fragments of enemy planes shot down by her boys in Pearl Harbor, Burma, Singapore, Australia, England and Africa.

Her boys, the astounding "fair-haired bastards of 'Mom' Chung," are prowling the skies from the Aleutian Islands to Egypt, each collecting his personal tribute to the remarkable San Francisco woman—

*"Seven planes for me, seven more for 'Mom' Chung!"*

Californians claim it is just like Dr. Chung to be "Mom" to some of the greatest aviators in America. A woman whose childhood rarely in-

cluded half enough to eat, she is now hostess at dinners which are world-acclaimed. A Chinese woman who broke all tradition by practicing modern medicine in a Chinese district, her patients are virtually all Americans who come to her from every part of the United States. A woman whose life has been dedicated to the kindly arts, to music and drama and medicine, whose chief ambition has been to save life, she is today inspiring her flying sons to hurl sudden death and disaster against their enemies.

Dr. Chung was born to American citizenship in Santa Barbara. Her mother was an interpreter for a local police court, her father a merchant and expressman whose greatest monthly income was \$45—and whose family numbered 11 children.

She went to the University of Southern California, finished her



medical training in Chicago without ever eating three square meals two days in a row, and began practicing, first in Illinois and later in Los Angeles.

One day, vacationing with a pair of grateful Hollywood patients, she visited San Francisco and discovered Chinatown by the Golden Gate, America's largest Chinese quarter. To a young doctor still trying to get started, it looked too good to be true—thousands of Chinese, her own people, in the district and not one modern doctor. She moved to Chinatown.

It was too good to be true. There were thousands of Chinese, all right, but when they got sick they went either to the Chinese herb doctors inside Chinatown, or to the modern offices of American physicians in downtown San Francisco.

They did not call on young Dr. Chung.

Every day during that first month,

she waited in her tiny two-room suite and nobody came, not even with a stomach ache. Every day she went to a nearby restaurant and bought a few cents' worth of Chinese food with her rapidly dwindling capital.

THEN ONE DAY, a waitress in that restaurant suddenly became violently ill and Dr. Chung, who was the nearest physician, was rushed to the scene.

Dr. Chung made a quick examination and found that surgery was necessary. She operated and saved her patient's life. Not until then did she discover her patient was no mere waitress. Dr. Chung had saved the girl who owned the restaurant, whose family was one of Chinatown's wealthiest, and who herself was one of the most popular women in the quarter.

No longer did Dr. Chung have to wait for callers. The next month hundreds of patients crowded into her office.

A few months later she was called to see a wealthy American patient who was being treated for influenza—and was dying of something else. She found the something else, cured it and received a staggering check as her fee.

"It was the largest sum of money anyone in my family had seen for generations," she says. "I knew what I wanted to buy with it—a brand new Lincoln with a special body. I'd walked practically all my life, never had any car but a broken-down Buick with no rubber on the wheels. More than anything else in the world, I wanted a beautiful Lincoln. But I also

wanted to keep the money."

It was a delicate problem of cake-eating and cake-having. Dr. Chung solved it with what has become known as typical Chung efficiency.

She telephoned a San Francisco stockbroker, learned a particularly risky oil stock was having acute jitters, likely to go way up or way down. She ordered the broker to buy the stock on margin, as much as her whole check would cover. Three hours later she sold out. Her profit was enough to buy the new car and she still had her check. She never took a gamble like that again.

The car helped Dr. Chung become a personage in Chinatown and throughout the West. Patients and friends swarmed into her office and her colorful apartment, bringing their own friends to meet this charming, vibrant and enthusiastic woman—as mysterious and Oriental as her favorite food, corned beef and cabbage.

Notable figures of the screen and stage—Stokowski, Bankhead, Kostelanetz, Francis Lederer, Helen Gahagan, Helen Morgan and Ronald Reagan—came to share her corned beef and cabbage or, if Dr. Chung couldn't avoid it, Chinese dishes.

ONE DAY IN 1931, seven ex-heroes visited her office and unwittingly began brewing an exceedingly poisonous Mickey Finn for Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini. These seven men were former football stars from the University of California who had taken a year's aviation training with the Navy. They all had found the Navy

had no room then for excess aviators; their gridiron fame couldn't even buy doughnuts, and there were no jobs for either brain or brawn. They offered their services to Dr. Chung and asked her to secure commissions for them in the Chinese Army. They wanted to blast Tokyo out of the Pacific.

Dr. Chung approved their sentiments but couldn't get them into the Chinese Army.

For months they haunted her office. Many of them had so little money they discarded shirts in favor of pajama tops, which could be washed in a bathtub and needed no ironing. Dr. Chung sewed on buttons, patched holes, and brought the boys home for meals.

"They ate everything I cooked for them," she relates, "everything but eggs. Even the taste of eggs seemed to gag them. I couldn't figure it out for a long time."

Later one of the boys—Steve Bancroft, who today flies Pan-American's giant clippers on secret routes over the Pacific—confessed they had eaten nothing but eggs for weeks. The local egg-dealer was the only man who still offered food on credit.

When the boys got in jail, Dr. Chung bailed them out. When they got into fights, she sewed up their cuts and patched their clothes. When they got drunk, she treated their hangovers. The boys worshiped her.

Finally, to provide space for her patients, she herded the boys into quarters no bigger than a standard breakfast room. There they could smoke, rough-house, exchange tele-



phone numbers, tell unprintable tales, and play poker for blood, money or peanuts.

"You understand us a lot better than our own families," they told her. "We ought to adopt you as our mother."

"No," she objected, "you can't do that. I haven't any husband to offer you for a father. You'd all be very illegitimate."

"That's perfectly O.K. We'll be illegitimate. We'll be the fair-haired bastards of Dr. Chung."

The name stuck. As the original seven members brought in more and more of their fellow aviators, it spread wherever men fly and fight. It took on the meaning of the Phi Beta Kappa of aviation.

Dr. Chung set the requirements high and kept them that way. Each member had to be a high-flying, hard-fighting gentleman. He had to be making a contribution to aviation.

Today 509 have been admitted to

---

*A glint of humor and humanity in his eyes marks Milton Silverman as kin to "Mom" Chung. They have another bond-in-common: their great interest in science. Mr. Silverman is science editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and since 1936, has served under Dr. Chauncey Leake in the department of pharmacology at the University of California Medical School. Lecturing, radio work, magazine articles plus his regular duties don't take up all his time, however. His book, Magic in a Bottle, was published in 1941. That same year, the only newspaperman in a group of industrial men and scientists, he journeyed to South America to study the agricultural and industrial outputs of that continent in relation to hemispheric defense.*

the family. Each wears a little jade buddha, a gift from Dr. Chung—"Mom" Chung to the boys.

Most of them today are serving with America's Army, Navy and Marines, or with commercial airlines. Some are with the RAF, a few were with the Flying Tigers.

Only four women are members—Mrs. John Henry (57 Varieties) Heinz, Ruth Chatterton, Doris Dudley and Geraldine Ross.

There are no membership lists, and only Mom knows exactly who belongs. Many of them have met their brothers at flying fields somewhere in America. Others have spotted the familiar jade emblems as they climbed into a bomber on the Burma Road. Five men—two pilots and three passengers—discovered all were sons of Mom Chung when they got together on a clipper flying over the Caribbean.

LATER a new group came into being, men and women who were not fliers but otherwise considered "good bastard material." They were named *kiwis*, after the legendary Australian bird who can't fly. Listed among them are Cornelia Otis Skinner, Helen Hayes, Lily Pons, Carl van Doren, Dr. K. K. Chen and Senators Chandler of Kentucky and Willis of Indiana.

Dr. Chung thinks of each son by the number given him when he was admitted to the group.

"There's No. 416," she says. "He's out in Midway with the Marine Air Corps.

"Number 505 is one of my babies—RAF Air Commodore Bill Thornton.



"Number 506, Butch O'Hare's squadron commander, was in here last week on leave. He brought his wife to meet me.

"Number 491 was the first American flier to hit a German plane. He's a member of the American Eagle Squadron and has bagged seven Nazi planes so far."

When Mom Chung's boys write letters or send telegrams to her, they sign with their number—a custom that produced considerable alarm in the FBI and the military intelligence services until the explanation was found.

One classic cablegram sent the morning after Pearl Harbor was attacked was signed only "308," and read: *NURS!*

To date, the little jade buddhas have brought miraculous luck to Mom Chung's sons. Only two men, Captain Edwin Musick, who went down with the Samoan Clipper, and Richard Halliburton, disappeared in the Pacific. Since war began, not one is known to have been killed in action. More than 500 of them, as far as Dr. Chung knows, are alive and well.

"Red" Gill, a famed University of California football star, one of the original seven "bastards," and now a Navy flier, reported lost after the terrific battle of the Coral Sea, wrote:

"Am OK, Mom. Keep on praying. The buddha is around my neck and still working."

When they come through San Francisco, and most of them do, the boys call in person, usually bringing their wives and children, and sometimes their intended brides. Many of them have demanded that Dr. Chung attend their weddings. Some have spent their honeymoons in her Telegraph Hill apartment. She has delivered many of their children.

Now the boys are sending back their latest presents, the scraps of enemy planes they shot down. They come from every battle front, wherever American fliers are fighting. These trophies—a bit of bullet-ripped fabric, the control stick from a burned Zero-fighter, a piece of metal from a Heinkel bomber—are put in the Aviation Room, the little ante-room in Dr. Chung's office where the first of her adopted sons were sheltered 11 years ago.

Before the war, that room contained bits of peacetime wreckage—a piece of fuselage from the Will Rogers-Wiley Post plane, a charred tatter from the *Hindenberg*, fragments of the *Akron*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Macon* and dozens of great passenger planes.

Today it has a different motif—death trophies from the Axis.



## Forgotten Mysteries

*Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain*



• • • In 1938 workmen, reconditioning Holyrood Castle in Edinburgh, noted that a certain large stone directly over the entrance of the private apartment of Mary Queen of Scots, sounded hollow. In order to effect repairs, they removed the stone, revealing a small niche in which lay a tiny but beautifully constructed oak casket. The coffin contained the skeleton of a newborn male child, dressed in fine linen garments, under a robe of gold cloth. On the robe was an exquisitely embroidered letter J.

James I was coarse grained and heavy boned, with the innate manners of a peasant. Yet his mother, Mary of Scotland, and his father, the dandified Henry, Lord Darnley, were persons of delicate appearance and refined temperament. Therefore, that little coffin and its pathetic contents seem to indicate that Mary perpetrated one of history's greatest hoaxes, and

that the man who reigned over England as her son was an impostor, probably a peasant child whom she had substituted for her dead infant.

But somehow the drama of the discovery never saw the light of day. The coffin and its contents were duly photographed. Then they were returned to the crypt, the stone was cemented back in place. And there the affair ended.



• • • Today the work of Dr. W. J. Kilner is almost forgotten and totally disregarded. But his researches, by which he apparently established the existence of a cloud of strange radiations around the human body, form one of the mysteries of our time. Dr. Kilner called these radiations the "human aura." In 1920 he published

an extensive work, *The Human Atmosphere*, describing his research.

His investigations began in 1908, when he was on the staff of the St. Thomas Hospital in London. One day, as he worked on other experiments, he chanced to employ a viewing screen stained with a little used dye, *dicyanine*. By viewing a nude human being through this screen, he discovered that he could easily detect a distinct cloud of radiations extending for about eight inches around the body, showing distinct colors.

He further discovered that when any part of the body was seriously diseased, the aura around it was markedly changed. At death the aura disappeared. Utilizing these discoveries, he was able to make hundreds of remarkable diagnoses.

Shortly after he first reported his discoveries, scientists corroborated his findings. Indeed, Havelock Ellis stated that, by using Dr. Kilner's screen, he could easily see the "aura."

Dr. Kilner was not a mystic, but a plain man of medicine who thought he had made an important contribution to the science of diagnosis. Science never accepted his researches, nor disproved them—it forgot them.



• • • In all ages men have sought to turn baser metals into gold. One of the last, and perhaps the most controversial of these experiments, was that of Dr. S. H. Emmens of New York.

In 1899, Dr. Emmens, inventor of

U.S. Army-approved explosive, "Emmensite," and member of the American Chemical Society and the U.S. Naval Institute, began selling gold bullion in small but steady quantities to the U. S. Mint.

He said he "manufactured" the gold by changing the atomic structure of silver through continuous hammering at extremely low temperatures in a special cylinder. This mechanical process was followed by a chemical treatment.

At this point great English physicist Sir William Crookes entered into correspondence with Emmens. Emmens secretly explained his process to Crookes, who at great expense in time and money duplicated Emmens apparatus.

Crookes' first experiment was successful. He used silver containing a trace of gold. *The amount of gold was increased 21 per cent by the processing.* Crookes then tried a second experiment, but for some unknown reason he failed this time to follow Emmens' directions. The second experiment was a failure.

Sir William Crookes never tried a third. Why no one knows. He could never explain the success of his first experiment. Not long afterwards Dr. Emmens died. His priceless secret died with him.

In 1929 Lieutenant Commander Rupert T. Gould, R. N., reviewed the case, could find no reason for suspecting fraud on Emmens' part. There—moot, unsolved, unchallenged—stands the work of America's only alchemist.—R. DE WITT MILLER

*Riches galore await any adventuring householder who approaches America's treasure trove of "junk" with a keen eye and a bit of ingenuity*



## **How to Buy at Second Hand**

by SIGMUND SAMETH

**T**HE LADY in the Mainbocher frock dropped the brass faucet into her handbag.

"I'll mail a check," she told the junkyard proprietor. "Unless of course you have a blank one handy. . . ."

The junkman shoved out a grimy paw for the faucet.

"Listen, lady, in God we trust, all others pay cash. How do I know you ain't a crook?"

"But I'm Mrs. Van de Water," she gasped.

So began Mrs. Van de Water's first transaction with a junkman. It won't be her last. In the months ahead she will find herself a steady patron of "dealers in waste materials" as she calls them. So will you if you are one of the hundred million American retail customers whose everyday buying habits are now streamlined for war.

Take that electric iron which you meant to buy last year. The reason

it's probably not on your dealer's shelf right now is because it contains everything but the bursting charge of four hand grenades. And that brand new portable typewriter you didn't buy will come out of the factory as machine gun parts instead. Other items from depleted shop windows will reappear where civilians never see them—in tank turrets, airplane cockpits, or under the sole of an infantryman's foot.

Hitler and Hirohito are sending us to the junkpile for many items we were used to buying in unopened packages, but back in 1776 we cut musket-ball patches out of worn flannel underdrawers, and we can do it this time too.

In scouting second-hand merchandise your own newspaper can be the biggest help. Besides the *For Sale* columns, many newspapers have regular shopping editors to keep readers

posted on out-of-the-way sources for hard-to-get merchandise. One large daily newspaper in an Eastern city has a source file of 1800 retail outlets, many of them dealing in second-hand goods.

On the other hand, the shortage of consumer goods of all varieties has brought the usual crop of rackets. One vicious cheating scheme begins innocently with a newspaper advertisement:

HOUSE FURNISHINGS for sale. Owner drafted. Must sacrifice dining-, bed-, living-room furniture just purchased. Complete contents apartment. No reasonable offer refused.

Chances are the apartment has been rented by the day by the unscrupulous dealer who claims residence there. Shoddy, jerry-built merchandise is sold to gullible bargain-hunters—above store prices.

Nevertheless, if you are what is known as a "good shopper" you will find bargains in second-hand merchandise. Just keep certain rules of good buymanship in mind. New or used, your umbrella should have at least 12 ribs. If you poke around in a dusty charity sale and find an umbrella frame which is just what you want, remember that it can be recovered only with cotton. Silk is needed for parachutes right now. . . . Card tables should have plywood tops with hidden diagonal bracing members. A pressed paper top will look the same in the second-hand store but it won't stand up under household abuse. . . . Alternate steaming

and drying causes many ironing boards to warp. If you can buy a used one which has retained its flat surface it will pay to re-pad and recover it.

Of course there are crooked as well as honest second-hand outlets. The established metropolitan auction house with its regularly scheduled sales is as reliable as any of the big department stores, and as far as durable items are concerned, its range of merchandise is almost as wide. The same goes for annual public auctions which your postmaster and railway depot manager hold to dispose of lost and unclaimed articles. But at auction sales, decide your top price beforehand and make it your limit no matter how exciting the bidding.

CHARITY bazaars and thrift shops are generally on the level, but when patronizing pawnshops, remember that even though the pawnbroker himself may be honest you can't expect him to be an expert on every class of merchandise which crosses his loan desk. His only interest is getting his investment back on an unredeemed pledge. Anything he sells you is strictly "as is."

Also be wary in so-called Army and Navy stores. These stores *do not* offer used government merchandise. Neither the Army nor the Navy has disposed of surplus or rejected goods in any substantial amounts since 1932.

It takes leg work to become a shrewd second-hand shopper, but every item you buy or sell through out-of-the-ordinary channels helps the war



effort by releasing organized manufacturing and merchandising facilities and equipment.

New building supplies, and especially builder's hardware, are unobtainable today but you can pick up used materials at a fraction of cost. A Michigan couple achieved brief newspaper notoriety by building a complete and very respectable eight-room bungalow entirely out of scrap-heap loot.

Wrecking companies generally salvage everything durable from condemned buildings, and a tremendous stock pile is available. You can pick up doors which cost \$15 for 50 cents. If you pay more, the brass hardware is generally thrown in gratis. Electrical and plumbing fixtures can be had for pennies. A strong lye solution removes crusted paint and buffing brings back the sheen. Unless you've seen metallic junk at "per hundred-weight" prices go through this transformation, it's hard to believe.

BUYING used furniture can be almost as exciting as building a house out of a scrap heap. It's a challenge to ingenuity. The raw materials of upholstery—burlap, hemp and linen twine, sisal, curled horsehair, and coconut fibre—are not imported nowadays. Therefore shop for furniture that has major structural features intact.

Examine the cheapest types to learn what to avoid. You'll need a flashlight and a strong pair of knees. Pull aside loose cambric backing to see the difference between flat and coil

springs, between frames which are glued, doweled, tenoned, and corner-blocked and those merely nailed together. Press your fist into the seat of a leather club chair to see whether the covering is cracked. Test rungs and legs for wobbles. Is the piece a standard size and shape? If not, you can't get ready-tailored slip-covers to fit. Veneered furniture (most of the finest pieces *are* veneered) should be dated about 1920 or later. Make sure you have a solid piece before you start extensive renovation.

If you plan on fumigating second hand furniture, do so before you reupholster in order to avoid bleaching the new fabric. You conceal small scratches on tables and chair arms in a jiffy by rubbing them with the meat of a walnut or pecan. Spotted furniture wax can be washed off with turpentine. White rings on a varnished surface can be rubbed away with Spirits of Camphor. Waterproof glue will reset loose spindles. Spots on upholstery vanish with techniques described in the bulletin, "Home Removal of Stains" which the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. will send on receipt of five cents.

We all remember the advertisements a few years back which offered a new electric iron, floor lamp, refrigerator, or sewing machine for \$8.75, \$18.75, or \$88.75 plus your used trade-in. Second-hand equipment so collected remains on dealers' shelves along with repossessed installment purchases taken over by finance companies. These repossessed or reconditioned durable household goods



form a motley but valuable national treasure trove.

Refrigerators are especially good buys. Look for rounded interior corners, at least two inches of substantial insulation, and a motor which does not betray excessive wear by clattering. If you lack a nose for mechanical niceties stick to recognized national brands. The "economy models" have fewer gadgets but the same basic features. But try this test before you order delivery: close the refrigerator door on a one dollar bill. If it pulls out easily, choose another refrigerator. The insulating gasket around the door has lost its elasticity and new rubber for this purpose is unobtainable.

OLD FASHIONED mechanical devices have a nostalgic charm. In the case of radios some of the early sets had real engineering advantages. Models of the years 1929-1932, today hopelessly "attiquated" have it all over the average cheap radio of later years for pulling in subtle overtones of concert music. This fine tonal reproduction and the enduring excellence of high-priced construction sells at junkpile prices. In any large city, five dollars will buy an excellent obsolete radio and there are plenty of tubes, new and used, to go around.

While you're shopping for second-hand household equipment, remember that used vacuum cleaners have always been better buys than new models. Get a written statement from the rebuilder that worn parts have been replaced. Oil the machine properly and try it at regular operating



speed for a full 15 minutes. If any part of the motor housing gets too hot to touch, you can be sure the bearings are worn out. This goes for other electrically driven household devices too. A motor is as old as its bearings and replacements may be unobtainable today.

In scouting a second hand gas range, look for the official insignia of the American Gas Association Testing Laboratory which demands compliance with basic safety requirements. An unsafe stove in your kitchen can be as dangerous as the shrapnel which it ought to have been converted into.

Except for handsome gadgets, sewing machines haven't changed in 30 years. Similarly, old fangled dishwashers, back-number food mixers, domestic heating plants which are definitely old hat but usable, washing machines of Model T vintage, and hand-me-down electric irons help fight the war on the home front.

It's true that without a priority

rating you can't buy even a second-hand bicycle or typewriter from a dealer. But it is not unpatriotic for you to buy two or even three used machines of the same model and make so that you will have enough assorted parts for your own repairman to put together. Somewhere within convenient distance right now—perhaps in three separate junkyards are the parts to make a complete machine. Don't let them lie around and rust.

So far we've had no great clothing shortage. If it should come, as it has already come to other warring nations, it will console the fastidious to learn that second-hand clothing can be sterilized. Masculine wardrobes will yield garments of fine honest stuff well worth re-tailoring. Worn out tweed topcoats or trousers can be converted into jackets and skirts. Coats even 10 years old can be turned inside out to present a new face to the world. Raincoats can be re-waterproofed by a process your own dry cleaner can apply.

Even though an army "marches on

its belly" it still needs first-class shoe-soles made of chrome tanned leather which outwears oak-tanned by 50 per cent. Civilians will have to put up with the leftovers for the duration. Yet many a pair of first rate shoes reposes in tawdry second-hand clothing establishments. There's nothing to prevent you from turning up at your cobbler's with the makings of a pair of slightly used soles.

There was a time when the "nice people" bought nothing second-hand except one-of-a-kind art works, genuine antiques, and precious gem stones. Today, though, it's stylish to salvage. In the best drawing rooms people are whispering, "I can get it for you slightly used."

—Suggestions for further reading:

STRETCHING YOUR DOLLAR IN WARTIME  
by R. Brindze \$1.75

The Vanguard Press, New York  
TWENTY WAYS TO SAVE MONEY  
by R. W. Babson \$1.00

Frederick A. Stokes Co., Inc., New York  
HOW TO SPEND WISELY  
by S. B. Hamblen and G. F.

Zimmerman \$2.50  
Harper & Brothers, New York

### Short Cuts Through Life

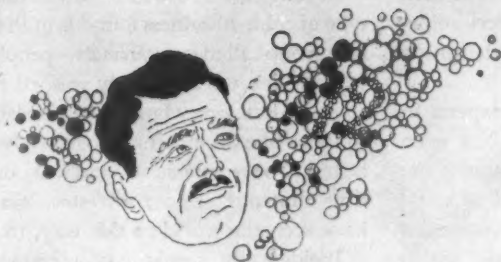
**A**LWAYS WHEN my mother called me for school in the morning, she would say sharply, "Come now, Margaret, get up!" in the same tone of voice ordinarily employed after six or eight futile attempts to rouse a heavy sleeper. I must say it was effective. Harvey O'Higgins, the novelist, used to use the same method to find anything. If he started out to look for a pack of cards he al-

ways began in high exasperation by saying, "Now where the hell are those blankety-blank cards hidden!"

The theory is simple: since you never get any results anyhow until you reach that state of fury which comes just before you find the sought-for object, why not take the short-cut?

—PEGGY WOOD in *How Young You Look* (FARRAR & RINEHART)

*In more ways than one, color-blindness is all Greek to the experts—but here are some of the fundamentals in black and white*



## **What's New on Color Blindness**

by GRETTA PALMER

**N**EARLY TWO million American men between the ages of 20 and 45 will sit out this war at home because they have a weakness more exotic even than the fallen arches of the last great war.

These are the color-blind—representing about eight per cent of our male population.

There are, of course, many military myths surrounding the color-blind. Like the one that men with this abnormality see better in the dark and are therefore especially well-equipped for night flying. This is simply a picturesque gag. Or, that other legend which says that the color-blind are invaluable for detecting camouflaged articles. The only trouble is, the failure of the color-blind soldier to see certain features of a landscape which any normal observer would notice more than cancels out any advantage his peculiarity might give him.

Actually, the color-blind simply are not wanted in our present-day armed forces.

This, as might be expected, has led to a certain amount of hanky-panky, some commendable, some not. For the color-blind are usually pretty good at faking normal vision—they have trained themselves to detect differences in hue far subtler than the rest of us ever notice, and can make very shrewd guesses as to color. In addition, charts for testing color-vision, similar to those presented with this article, are an old story to many of them. They have often memorized the correct answers, just as near-sighted men have sometimes memorized oculists' charts.

If these charts alone were used, the ruse might be successful. But experts can detect fakers easily with little chips which must be sorted according to color. Not even the most ardently

patriotic boy can buck this test, short of corrupting his examiner.

Even more easily, experts can detect those cases in which drafted men have announced that they were color-blind with the purpose of attempting to evade service.

Color-blind experts are experts in every sense of the word. Not even oculists can ordinarily distinguish the color-blind from the normal by usual tests of vision. Once, the American Paper and Pulp Association, which trains a certain number of students in color matching for printing jobs, required that all applicants have a certificate from a physician certifying their color vision as normal. In spite of this, however, exactly eight per cent of those applying were found later to be color-blind. Evidently, since this is the normal percentage among the male population, the doctors' tests were worthless.

AS IN ANY branch of science, terminology used by experts in the field of color-blindness is difficult and complicated for the layman. Even the term color-blind itself is rejected by

---

*Because she operates on the theory that a good reporter can popularize abstruse subjects better than an expert, Greta Palmer has been able to write on such a variety of topics as bridge, Latin American politics, marital problems, etiquette, fashions. She says, though, that her bee-like flitting from theme to theme was almost put to an end when she tackled this one on color-blindness. Experts in the field, she claims, seem to have made very strenuous efforts to hide their lore from the layman. By superman-maneuvers, however, Miss Palmer seems to have brought them 'round.*

these scientists. Instead, they ask us to speak of the "color-weak" and the "color-limited."

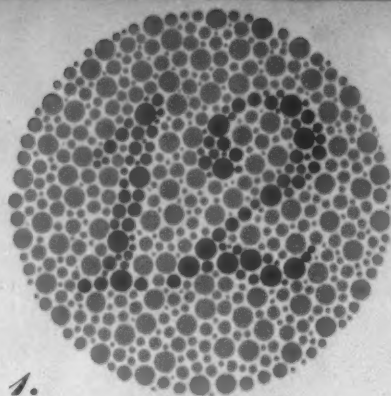
In some ways, the most interesting type of color-blindness found is in that rare group called *monochromats*—people who see the world entirely washed of color, so that every landscape appears to them like an etching. Dogs are believed to be *monochromats*, and it is possible that our remote ancestors may have seen the world in this way, too.

Incidentally, speaking of ancestors, color-blindness of most kinds is transmitted through heredity—and to males only, as in the case of *haemophilia* (the disease of "bleeders"). Women—who are themselves color-blind only in one-eleventh as many cases as men—are the bearers of the trait without, in most cases, suffering from it themselves.

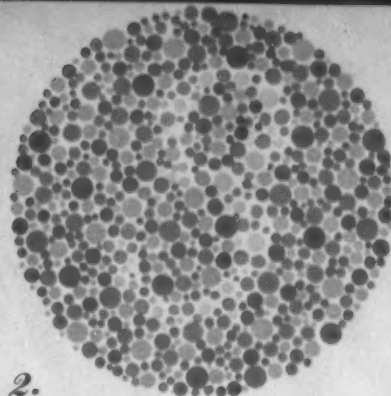
The word *monochromat* might be loosely translated out of the Greek into "one color mechanism." That is really what it means. For three color-detecting mechanisms are needed to see colors normally, and in the case of the *monochromat*, only one of them works. Yet there is no physical evidence of this inferiority and the *monochromat's* eyes, to an oculist, look like any others.

We next come to the "two color mechanism" patients, known to the experts as *dichromats*. Now, the *dichromats* represent the second commonest type of color-blindness—about one-third of those with abnormal color vision belong to this classification. These are the commonly known "red-green-blind"—yet they

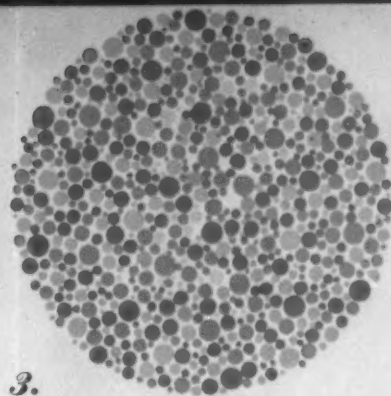




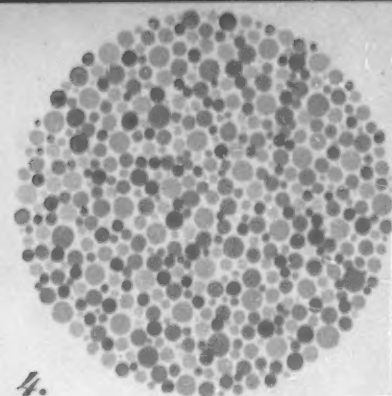
1.



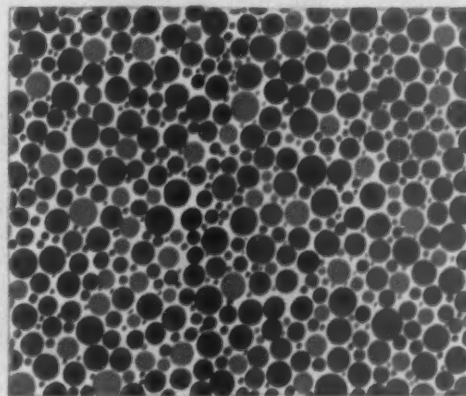
2.



3.



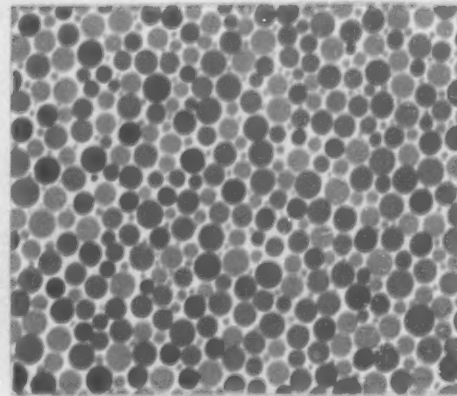
4.



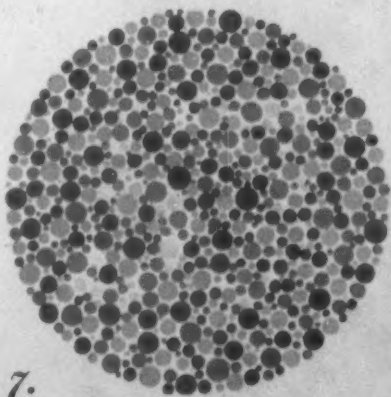
5.

# Are You COLOR BLIND?

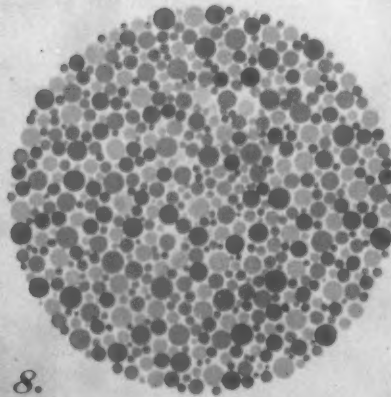
These are samples from the first test the experts give to find out whether or not you are. Selected with the aid of a color-blind painter, the tints used in these pseudo-isochromatic diagrams are those most generally confused by the color-blind. To test your own color vision, read the diagrams in order. Then check yourself with the answers given on page 32.



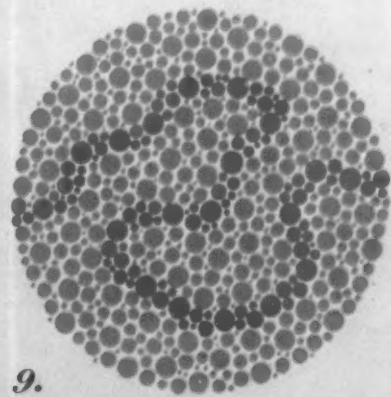
6.



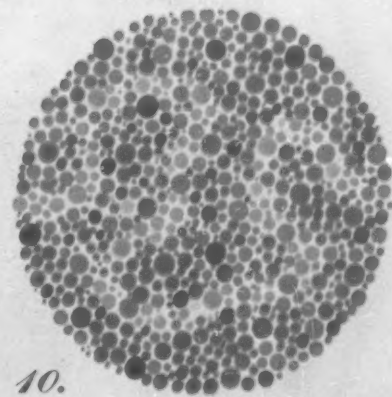
7.



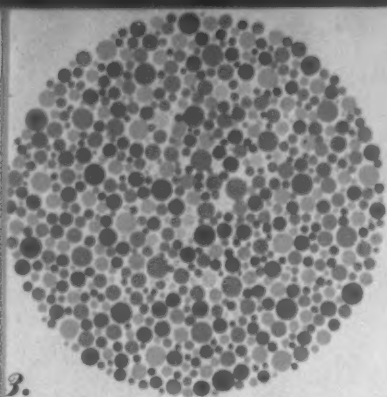
8.



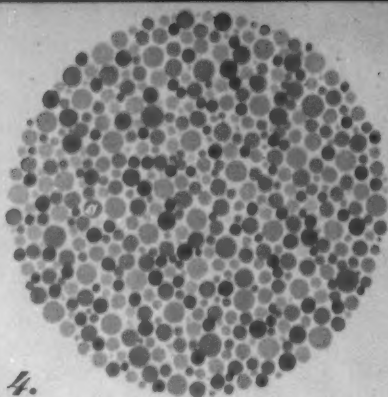
9.



10.



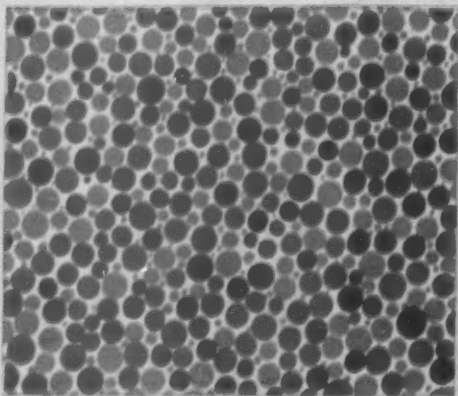
3.



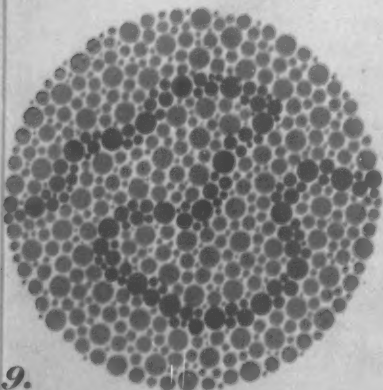
4.

**BLIND?**

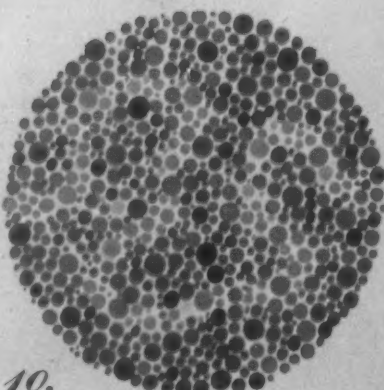
In the first test the  
whether or not you  
aid of a color-blind  
in these pseudo-  
are those most  
the color-blind.  
r vision, read the  
then check yourself  
on page 32.



6.



9.



10.









**M**ANY PEOPLE who are color-blind don't know it—will never know, it unless they discover it accidentally, or are obliged to take a test for some job or other. However, except in certain occupations—painting or flying—color-blindness is no great handicap. Diagrams on the reverse side are taken from one of the preliminary tests for color-blindness. Since they are only a sampling—and since there are great variations even in the normal color sense—don't be alarmed if you see more than you should ... or less.



MANY PEOPLE who are color-blind don't know it—will never know it unless they discover it accidentally, or are obliged to take a test for some job or other. However, except in certain occupations—painting or flying—color-blindness is no great handicap. Diagrams on the reverse side are taken from one of the preliminary tests for color-blindness. Since they are only a sampling—and since there are great variations even in the normal color sense—don't be alarmed if you see more than you should . . . or less.

can be fooled on nearly any other color, too, provided hues are picked to confuse them. A few *dichromats* suffer also from "blue blindness," and they sometimes have trouble with blue and yellow.

Individuals who have all three mechanisms working (probably including you and me) are called *trichromats* (three-color mechanism persons). The largest of all groups of the color-blind are also *trichromats*—called *anomalous trichromats*. This group suffers only some minor departure from the normal.

Patients is not, perhaps, the happiest word for the many persons who stream in and out of the color experts' waiting rooms, asking to be catalogued. For no color-blindness expert, no physician, nobody, in fact, has the faintest glimmering of how the color-blind can ever be given normal vision. Indeed, there is no authenticated case on record of this having been accomplished. There *have* been cases in which those born with normal vision have become abnormal through shock, hysteria or the use of drugs. But the process is, apparently, irreversible. In the vast majority of cases, a man is born color-blind, and color-blind he dies.

THE FIRST case of color-blindness ever reported was discussed in a letter from Joseph Huddart to Joseph Priestley, in 1777. But not till 1834 were the first tests for color-blindness evolved. These have been immensely elaborated through the years, and today, many elaborate lantern-slide, spectrum and

other devices have been added.

Tests of the type shown with this article are called *pseudo-isochromatic* tests. In translation, this means "false-equal-color" tests. They are useful as a preliminary means of sorting patients into types, but subtler tests must be used for final classification.

One of the best of the final tests given in the laboratory is the *Eldridge-Green* test: a lantern with an aperture has inserted into it filters of different colors and the person being tested is asked to name and classify the color which he sees. In Garner's test, the man under examination must pick out, from a mass of dyed swatches, those closest in color to standard samples. Other tests require the sorting of colored chips and cards.

All of this testing has brought out certain secondary differences between the color-blind and the normal. Dichromats have been found to show much more indecision in these tests than trichromats, either normal or anomalous. If two colors look the same to the person of normal vision, they will also look the same to a dichromat; but other colors, which are distinct to the normal, are also identical to his eyes.

The catch to all of this is that, during the recent years of intensive testing, the experts have discovered that there are many degrees of normal. For instance, some persons believed normal flunk on one of the pseudo-isochromatic charts.

Others have been found who have "super-normal" color vision—they see fine distinctions of shade which are



not visible to the normal. They can, for instance, see figures in the dotted charts which only the color-blind are expected to detect: the reason for this is that they distinguish even slight variations of tone.

The color-blind do not, comic papers to the contrary, often dress in violently contrasting colors. Neither would they, picking berries, call a berry "green" or a leaf "red." Practice has taught them to use the same words all of us use to describe these things and their colors, even though they look identical to them.

So far as dangerous errors are concerned: have you ever noticed that the red and green traffic lights have a different position in respect to the pole that supports them? The color-blind are well aware of it, and use this fact to help them. As a matter of cold fact, only about one-twelfth of the color-blind, or one per cent of the population, have the type of abnor-

mality which would ever make them confuse red and green signals, in the shades of those colors usually used. Traffic engineers, aware of the problem, have chosen red and green glass of hues not even the color-blind are apt to confuse.

Within recent years, studies at the Yale Institute of Human Relations have been carried out to discover whether color-blindness bears any relation to race or nationality. It does. American Indians and American Negroes have been shown to include fewer color-blind individuals than any other race. Lapps, Egyptians and certain other groups have *lots* of color-blindness. Our own Caucasian group and the Asiatic Mongols have the normal 8 per cent.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

PSEUDO-ISOCROMATIC PLATES FOR  
TESTING COLOR PERCEPTION \$10.00  
*American Optical Company, Chicago*



### **Key to Gatefold opposite Page 26: Are You Color-Blind?**

1. Both normal and color-blind persons should read this figure as 12.
2. Normal persons read this figure as 8, while color-blind persons might read it as 3.
3. Normal persons should read the figure as 5, while color-blind persons might read it as 2.
4. Normal persons can readily follow the red line; color-blind persons are rarely able to do so.
5. Normal persons read the figure as 52. Color-blind persons are apt to be confused.
6. Normal persons read the figure as 27, but color-blind persons are rarely able to do so.
7. Normal persons read this figure as 57; color-blind persons read it as 35.
8. Normal persons read the figure as 3; color-blind persons usually read it as 5.
9. Both normal persons and color-blind persons can easily follow the line on this one.
10. Normal persons are rarely able to follow the line; color-blind persons, however, do so easily.

*A brash young man with his own definition of genius leads a revolutionary group of young actors "glowing daily" in theatrical New York*



## **Broadway's Big Brother**

by BERTRAM B. FOWLER

THE WINTER of 1941-42 will undoubtedly go down as a year of darkest gloom in the Broadway show business. To the dirges of the critics, one play after another stumbled ineptly out on the stage—only to fall flat on its face.

It will also, however, go down as the winter in which revolution hit the Rialto—revolution in the form of some 1,000 young actors, playwrights, directors and musicians led by as engaging and dynamic a character as the stem has seen in a long, long, time.

Picture a Times Square drug store where young actors, playwrights and the rest congregated. Where they swapped hard luck stories and casting tips while resting feet weary from trudging their ineffectual rounds of casting offices.

Into such a scene last October erupted Leo Shull, a brash, inde-

fatigable young playwright with the soul of a pioneer, a terrific verbal left hook, and a vision of what the theater should be. Shull was even more rebellious than the youngsters. The only difference was that while they did not know exactly what to do about it, he did. That he was as flat broke and hungry as the rest of the kids made no difference; his idea was to square off and start slugging.

He has been slugging ever since and today, with a lot of opponents nursing figurative black eyes, the campaign has begun to show results. A few hundred kids have obtained jobs. They also have a home of their own and an eating place; a workshop with a new kind of theater just around the corner; and a batch of freshly written plays and musicals ready to be produced.

The first jarring punch delivered by Leo was in the form of a mimeo-

graphed sheet, *Actors Cues*. He started the paper on his own with no more capital than a battered typewriter, a burning indignation and a salty vocabulary.

First and foremost, *Actors Cues* was to be the focal point for all information on jobs gathered by the entire crowd of young actors and playwrights. Editorially it was a biting and blistering attack on the ills of the theater and a shrewd analysis of conditions and those responsible. No one escaped. Producers, directors, critics—all drew their share of fire.

Squaring away at his typewriter, Leo takes the business of casting cues first. He leads off, breezily:

"Well, let's see what we have today, children. Does fame and millions lurk in any of these quick, cynical words?"

"Joseph Schildkraut. Is that the magic name? He's launching a rehearsal of his play *Uncle Henry* next Monday. His director is Lem War, who doesn't care about



young people now that his apprenticeship period is over and he eats regular. Nope. No fame or fortune here.

"What the Theatre Guild is doing, aside from giving gay tea parties and shaking the hands of 1,000 fat lady subscribers, is a mystery. Excellent opportunity for an astrologer to set up an office here.

"Leon and Eddie advertises today for chorus girls, dancers. Apply 2 p.m. and bring rehearsal clothes. (But don't let 'em have you 'mix' with those butter and cheesy business men.)"

So he breezes through the chances for the day. This done, he gets down to business in an editorial way and the real slugging starts:

"Let us look at what those animated cadavers, our creeping critics have to say about the theatre in the Sunday drama section."

He quotes them, interspersing his barbed comments.

Next the producers come. They are dissected under "Column for Playwrights (Not Actors)":

"May is here. This is the month when spiders moult and the publisher's bird brain turns to reading scripts . . ."

Follows a scathing analysis of the entrenched producers. One famous team he describes acidly as:

"Real estate janitors who keep 20 barns in repair for the banks. They try to read scripts. That is, they have a reader (they should have 20 to 30) but it's very discouraging. So they make deals

with any other producer who has a script that the producer wants to put up half the dough for. They figure: 'This guy produced before, maybe he knows something. Also he is so enthused he wants to risk his own money. Fine, we'll lend him the bank's barn.'

"Well, this is too long. More tomorrow."

The amazing part of it is that Shull is so engaging a personality that many of the sockees take it without resentment. Critics he has panned have come to the workshop to teach and advise young actors and playwrights. By the same token, some of the producers he has ridden have come to look over talent and hand out jobs.

Of course the threat of libel is always there. Leo dismisses it with a nonchalant gesture.

"Let them sue me. What will they get? I haven't even got a seat in my trousers."

A lot of the boys along Broadway have jeered over the makeup of his sheet, but it all slides off Leo harmlessly. He doesn't even bother to cite his B.S. from the University of Pennsylvania and his M.A. from Temple, his post-graduate work at Columbia and New York Universities.

As a matter of fact, *Actors Cues* often does look like a proofreader's nightmare. But, consider. All the writing for the daily sheet—three or four pages of crisp, breezy, tightly-packed information, comment and invective—is written by Leo himself. And he allows himself but two hours every morning to bang it out. Then he tosses it, without a second look or a

pencil mark, to a volunteer mimeograph operator.

When the sheet was first launched last October, a lot of people made the mistake of thinking it was an end in itself. To Leo, however, it was but the first step in a grand and ambitious march. He wanted a home for his boys and girls—a workshop—and beyond that, a theater producing plays and giving employment on a co-operative basis.

It had been done before by small groups on a limited scale. Witness the Group Theatre, Mercury Theatre, the Labor Stage. To Leo these were shining examples. Now he wanted to do it on a grand scale.

Hence the allocation of only two hours to his daily paper. The rest of his endless day was spent in organization and fund-raising.

Though most of the boys and girls with stage ambitions were as poor as he, there were a few with cash or cashable assets. One girl, for instance, pawned her rings to buy a half a ton of paper so that *Actors Cues* might continue to appear daily. Song writers wrote songs and pretty girls sang them in obscure clubs, tossing their earnings into the kitty.

Finally the boys and girls persuaded some big-name actors and actresses to appear at a benefit dance. With the thousand dollars this netted, the group proceeded to set up their home and workshop.

They found their spot in the vacant restaurant of a theatrical hotel. Genius, Inc. was born. (Leo named it. "After all," he said, "most of these

jerks are geniuses in the raw. Organization and opportunity is only the juice that will make them glow.")

The official symbol is a glowing electric light bulb with a burlesqued expression of concentration painted on its surface. The slogan: "Glowing daily at Hotel St. James, 111 West 45th Street."

Leo set up headquarters at a table next to the window, and hired a secretary to work for what he would call "joy, no poy."

But trouble in large bunches waited for Genius, Inc. at their hotel. They wanted a beer license, but couldn't apply for one until their restaurant was operating. So they opened the kitchen and began to serve meals—only to have poor management and too much "cuff" business run them into the red to the tune of \$750.

With the red ink came the haunting shadows of creditors. Leo began to show the stuff he was made of. He bluffed, cajoled, pleaded. And got results.

A labor delegate came to check up on what was happening in the restaurant, ready to crack down on the free lancers. He stayed to put on an apron and help out after he had listened to Leo for a few minutes. A man from the electric company arrived to demand a \$300 deposit and departed dazedly to plead on their behalf for an extension of time and no deposit.

Then came their beer license and the red ink changed to black. The boys and girls still don't know how they pulled through. They only know,



*Once we hit upon the idea of covering Leo Skull and Genius, Inc., it was a natural step to assign the piece to Bertram B. Fowler. You see Mr. Fowler, who was*

*born in Canada, is well-known as an authoritative lecturer and writer on the Co-Operative Movement—and Genius, Inc., after all, is a pretty good example of the Co-Operative venture—as tried out among young actors. Incidentally, since the last war when he served with the Canadian Infantry, Mr. Fowler's articles and stories have appeared regularly in many of the better national magazines.*

with something like reverential awe, that Leo did it.

Within a month of its opening, the restaurant had become a workshop, friends contributing stage furnishings. Young playwrights began to turn out plays and musicals. Seasoned playwrights, actors and directors came forward to conduct classes in theater arts.

As Leo puts it, "Our purpose is to spawn scripts and players and turn the theater upside down."

TYPICAL example of how Genius, Inc. works is that of the young musician, broke and hungry, who dropped in. They gave him a job washing dishes. Between dishes he worked on a revue with the other boys and girls. A publisher dropped in, heard one of his songs and put down \$100 for an option on it. Now the dishwasher works full time on the revue.

Already the kids have six plays they want to produce. Warehouses



have been combed and scenery obtained. But they have no theater.

So Leo buttonholes everyone with an empty theater. He bombarded one lady with letters in his columns. One of them I quote, complete with double talk!

"Dear Mrs. Blank:

Most people are born with one seat, but you have been blessed with 500, of which 499 sit unused in your hall on Dash Street. Now, lookie, cookie, here's a fair trade. You let us use the 499 and we will brannis on the fornistaff. You'll love it. And we 1,000 actors, writers and directors will create a new kind of theatre, right under your eyes. —THE ED.

P.S. Ah, if there's anything above which is not clear, I will be glad to come over to dinner and explain in detail. Have dill pickles."

When they get the theater (and it is said they will), they will use it as their laboratory. Playwright, director and cast will donate tryout time and

labor for "joy, no poy." If the production passes the acid test of critics and public, it will then move on to Broadway as a commercial venture, though still on a co-operative basis. And a new production will go into the laboratory on the same basis.

So you see, Leo Shull hasn't organized just a small group of actors, but the whole body of the younger show set. His is a vision of a movement that will sweep the theater out of the clutch of the few who have limited it to the environs of Times Square and give it back to the creative artists.

Such a theater, he firmly believes, will bring a drama-starved public something that is new—something that is alive.

—Suggestions for further reading:

ARENA

by *Hallie Flanagan* \$3.75  
*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York*

ADVANCE FROM BROADWAY

by *Norris Houghton* \$3.00  
*Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York*

## Musical Fireworks

THE FAMOUS conductor Toscanini was touring South America with an American orchestra. At Montevideo he suddenly sent out an urgent rehearsal call. The musicians were surprised. There was no reason for this special rehearsal and the day for which it was called was the Fourth of July.

The musicians assembled in the orchestra pit of an empty theater. Toscanini took his place in the

conductor's stand and said: "You are from the United States. This is the Fourth of July and I think it is an occasion which should be celebrated. I have called you together—only to play the *Star-Spangled Banner*."

Then he led them through a thrilling performance of the National Anthem—in an empty theatre.

—LOWELL THOMAS in *Pageant of Life* (WILFRED FUNK)

## The Best I Know

*Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat*



**B**OAKE CARTER'S voice on the radio is a deep one. When people see him in the flesh they usually expect a staid, heavy-set, elderly gentleman. Instead, he is slim, fortyish, red-haired, weighs 155 pounds and stands 5' 8". In order to explain this discrepancy, he usually tells this story before public audiences.

An Englishman and an American were going to Europe together on the same boat. The Englishman took a liking to the American. "Spend the week end with me," suggested the Englishman. They arrived at the latter's home which was a very large one. "But," said the Englishman, "unlike you fellows in America, we only have one bathroom. We usually have trouble about the bath in the morning. I go first. When I finish, I

come out and bang on the door once. My wife then goes. When she's finished, she bangs on the door twice. When you hear the door banged twice tomorrow, go along and take your tub."

The American listened carefully, and next morning thought he heard the door banged twice, barged into the bathroom, and saw his hostess sitting in the bath tub.

Obviously unable to remain there long enough for apologies, he rushed away, most embarrassed. Eventually the door banged twice. He took his tub, dressed and went downstairs to breakfast. Of course he was late, so he ate alone. He went out into the garden, saw his host and said to him "I did a terrible thing this morning. I got all those signals balled up, and I burst into the bathroom when your wife was in the bath tub. I haven't seen her since then to apologize. Will

you please tell her how horrified I was and how embarrassed I feel and extend my deepest regrets?"

The Englishman looked at him and smiled and replied: "My dear fellow, forget all about it. It is just one of those little mistakes of life that come and go. Dismiss it from your mind. Skinny old bean, isn't she?"

—BOAKE CARTER  
*News commentator.*

I LIKE THE story of the man who came home at three in the morning with a gash over his eye.

His generally tolerant wife, accustomed to the ways of her mate, asked what happened to him.

He said, "Sorry, dream child. I bit myself!"

Said she, "But how could you bite yourself over your eye?"

Said he: "It was kind of tough. I had to stand on a chair."

—BERTRAND K. HART  
*Literary editor of the Providence Journal.*



A BROADWAY playboy died and went where everyone knew he'd go. It didn't seem so bad. "Are you sure this is

Hell?" he asked the Devil who was wearing a white suit and had his horns studded with diamonds.

"This is Hell, all right," grinned the Devil. The playboy looked around. He saw a flock of gorgeous

beauties, all smiling at him. "Go on over and kiss them," ordered the Devil. The fellow went over. He placed his arms around a seductive redhead. He felt absolutely nothing. Her lips beckoned. He reached over to kiss her; it was like kissing a vacuum. He went from girl to girl with the same result. Peeved, he returned to the Devil.

"I can't understand it," he complained. "I put my arms around those girls—and they're not there. I kiss them—and I kiss the air. What is it?"

The Devil grinned.

"That, my boy, is the Hell of it!"

—LOUIS SOBOL  
*Manhattan columnist and playwright.*

THERE IS AN Anglo-Indian story told by Norman Douglas, about a young subaltern in India who got himself killed by a tiger. His parents in England, hearing of this and anxious to have the dear boy buried in their family vault, wired to the colonel of his regiment:

"Please send poor James home to us, all expenses paid."

After many months, after an unreasonable length of time, a gigantic coffin arrived. Upon opening it, they were horrified to discover a dead tiger. They wired to India:

"Some mistake here. Tiger in coffin, not James."

The colonel replied:

"No mistake whatever. Tiger in coffin. James in tiger."

—LOUIS J. BREMS  
*Popular dialect comedian.*

*Voter, get your pencil out—ready, aim and fire! For in this wartime election, ballots are bullets and X marks the shot*



## **Look Before You Vote!**

by HOWARD WHITMAN

**I**F THIS WAR follows the course of World War I, next month may be Joe Voter's only chance to fight in the battle of the polls. The next time Election Day rolls around, World War II may very well be over.

That's why, at this time particularly, our ballots are bullets; they're vital to victory, and X marks the shot.

Edward J. Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, calls this election as important as a major military campaign.

Clarence Budington Kelland, a spokesman for the Republicans, says, "Each American has invested everything he owns in this war. Now he'll be picking a Board of Directors. He must vote for men he'd be willing to trust with his fortune, his life, and the life of his son."

The "Vote for Freedom" organization, one of dozens of patriotic groups which have sprung up to elect a vic-

tory Congress, puts it even more strongly: "The issues before us are issues of life and death. We must prove our fitness as citizens now or we may lose our chance forever."

The November balloting will send to Washington a whole new House of Representatives and a one-third renovated Senate. One reason for all the anxiety about this Congress-to-be is that the present Congress, Number 77, has been severely censured for ineptness, lackadaisicalness and politics-as-usual in the face of supreme emergency.

Congressional short-sightedness also takes in the 76th Congress, many of whose members stayed on to join Number 77. It was on February 23, 1939, that the House of Representatives of the 76th Congress voted 205 to 168 against the fortification of Guam. Flouting Naval pleas that a fortified Guam would protect the

Philippines and put a sword in the hand of Hawaii, the House withheld the \$5,000,000 required to begin the job.

As late as August, 1941, the 77th Congress could barely make up its mind to provide for an emergency army large enough to protect the United States. When the vote on extension of draft service from 12 to 30 months came up—just four months before Pearl Harbor—the House of Representatives said yes by a one-vote margin: 203 to 202.

Number 77's record includes a stumble-bum approach to labor problems, which may well have hacked months off war production; refusal to permit the Army to draft men under 20, though youths of 18 and 19 are considered the best air force material; persistent kowtowing to sectional blocs; neglecting to wipe out the last vestiges of the Neutrality Act until November of 1941, and acting in general as if Uncle Sam were at a May-pole dance instead of moving rapidly into war.

There are 267 Democrats and 162 Republicans in the present House of Representatives, and 65 Democrats and 28 Republicans in the present Senate. They have been chosen by an electorate of some 60,000,000 eligible voters, of whom, today, probably 22,000,000 are Republicans; 28,000,000, Democrats; and 10,000,000, independents.

But mediocrity in Congress has not followed party lines. Nor will there be any sharp demarkation on the war issue between Democrats and Re-

publicans in the coming elections. This means that Joe Voter must be more astute than ever. There have been many occasions in times past when Joe could let his party leader aim the gun and all Joe had to do was pull the trigger. This time he must do his own aiming.

Today with both parties tugging at Joe Voter's coattails, there is much harking back to 1918. We're in the war now, says Charles Michelson, national spokesman for the Democrats, because America in 1918 "listened to the arguments of the enemies of Woodrow Wilson." With his control of Congress wrested from him, Wilson's dream of a League of Nations—with America included—went up in the smoke of isolationism. It was this isolationism, Michelson charges, which engendered the decline of our military and naval strength, rendered the League of Nations powerless, winked at the rise of Hitler and gave the green light to Japan.

Says Michelson: "The average voter, particularly in a Congressional election, is likely to cast his vote to oblige a friend or a political associate, or simply to go along with his own party as a routine habit. Such procedure might not do any harm in an ordinary election, but the present is a time when the familiar social or political leaning falls short of national duty. It has been pointed out that a careless vote—or it might have been an emotional one—a generation ago produced a repercussion of dire consequences in the world's history."

The important thing, Michelson



contends, is not a Democratic or Republican victory. "The issue between candidates must be their relative devotion to the national cause. And in estimating this, the record of the candidates—regardless of party—must be the deciding factor."

JOE VOTER's other coattail is tugged by Republican spokesman Kelland. The Republicans stand for two things in this election, Kelland says: (1.) all-out prosecution of the war until victory is gained; (2.) protection against national socialism afterward.

The Arizona writer-politician says the Republican Party is out to "put the brakes on a runaway vehicle," that vehicle being the Roosevelt Administration. "The people have gladly submitted to rationing—to rationing of sugar, of gas, of rubber, of other commodities. It is high time this Administration submits to rationing with respect to rubber stamps. The people should insist that rubber stamp Congressmen be strictly rationed."

Kelland says he wants the checks and balances of the Constitution put back into operation. "The best wartime government is a coalition government in which every part, every section, every party shall have its part and its duty. There is one way only to bring about this necessary condition and that is by electing a Republican House of Representatives," he contends.

And there you are, Joe Voter. Take your pick.

But you're having trouble making up your mind? One thing you might

try then, as a starter, is to take the advice of Al Smith: "Look at the record." For the record is there—in black and white.

For instance, Wendell Willkie believes, in cases where Congressmen are running for re-election, they may be typed according to how they voted on six issues prior to Pearl Harbor—and on one general attitude of mind. That attitude of mind is summed up in the question: "Can the United States live unto itself, or within its own hemisphere, and remain peaceful and prosperous?" On this Willkie pegs the candidate as isolationist or internationalist. Then he judges him by how he voted on these six issues:

1. Revision of the Neutrality Act to permit sale of armaments to Great Britain and France.
2. Proposed fortification of Guam.
3. Selective Service Act.
4. Lend-Lease Bill.
5. Extension of the Selective Service Act to keep draftees in service for 30 months.
6. Arming of merchant ships.

The National League of Women Voters is one of many non-partisan organizations which have compiled voting records for the 77th Congress. For biographical data on Congressmen, Joe can take off 10 minutes and peruse the Congressional Directory in his local library.

Unfortunately, the *Congressional Record*, the word-by-word diary of Congress, is far too voluminous for Joe to wade through. But he can write to his Congressman and ask for excerpts from the Record showing

just what role that particular Congressman played on Capitol Hill. Some of the citizens' groups do their own excerpting. "Friends of Democracy" has a special research group whose function is to mull over the *Record* and extract the revealing portions.

All this, of course, pertains only to candidates who are running for reelection to Congress or to those who have previously served in Congress. Obviously, a majority of all candidates will be newcomers—and the records of many of them can not be found in the *Congressional Record*. And since a choice between two candidates can hardly be made by judging the record of only one of them, some further investigation is in order.

You'll find plenty of assistance available in this line of investigation from the various citizens' committees, voters' leagues and political clubs. Such organizations usually do a pretty thorough job of digging into the candidates' pasts.

LET'S ASSUME that Joe Voter does a first class job of unearthing the low-down on his candidates. He must still make his decision, and here elements of sheer judgment come into play. The League of Women Voters has listed 12 standards of judgment, good and bad, and asked its members to select the best five as their own voting criteria. These 12 points—together with my own elaborations of them—are as follows:

1. *Political sagacity.* Listen to your candidate's utterances. Decide for

yourself if his judgment and discernment are keen, if you'd trust him with your country's future.

2. *Intellectual integrity.* Is this a man whose ideals and convictions are firm and unshakable? Or will he turn his coat with the winds of opportunism? Study his record. War Congressmen must be statesmen, not politicians.

3. *Independent judgment.* Are you voting for a Charlie McCarthy? Don't answer until you've weighed your candidate's record in public life and his election platform.

4. *Responsiveness to constituents' opinions.* This runs the gamut from pork-barrel Congressmen to run-aways who sell out the voters who elected them. Should a Congressman be bound to the apron-strings of his constituents? Or should he be on his own, with his own conscience as his only guide? Decide how you feel about it now. It will be too late after Election Day.

5. *Flexibility.* Many lawmakers have gone to Washington with their minds made up on all issues, unwilling to bend one iota. Others bend after every chat in the Congressional vestibules. Where does your candidate fit into the picture?

6. *Party regularity.* With a little study you can ascertain if your man is a dyed-in-wool party man. It is something you ought to know before voting.

7. *Subordination of party interest to national interest.* Some politicians forget that parties are servants of the nation. Is your candidate forgetting about the U. S. A. in his zeal for the elephant or

the donkey? If he is, he doesn't belong in Congress.

8. *Broad background in civic affairs.* If you hired a man to work for you, you'd want to know his experience. When you vote, you're hiring somebody to work for all of us. Check his record in other public offices, in the business world, and in organizations.

9. *Responsible attitude toward making and carrying out party platform.* The party platform is to voting as the sales talk is to making a purchase. Is your candidate a gold-brick salesman? Or are his representations trustworthy?

10. *Follower of individual rather than party platform.* Some voters like candidates who stand-for-what-they-stand-for, regardless of the word and letter of the party platform. If you are in this group, a close scrutiny of individual platforms is in order. Is your man's platform sincere, intelligent, good for America?

11. *One who promises to get desired public projects for his district.* The pork-

barrel Congressman of peacetime is likely to be the sectional-interest Congressman of wartime. Will your man place national unity first, or will he compromise the nation's welfare by plugging sectional demands?

12. *One who promises jobs for home town boys.* With our expanding governmental activities, jobs and job-seekers keep mounting. How much stress should be placed on patronage? Where must the line be drawn between the plum-picker and the statesman?

Anna Lord Strauss, president of the New York City League of Women Voters, considers these—in the order named—as the most important qualifications: *intellectual integrity, subordination of party interest to national interest, political sagacity, independent judgment and broad background in civic affairs.*

Why not try making your own choice—and keeping it in mind on Election Day?



### ***Ducking Out of a Spot***

A YOUNG hostess, wife of Dr. William J. Mayo, rising young surgeon of Rochester, Minnesota, had planned to serve at the evening meal two wild ducks that a friend had given her. But when Dr. Will arrived home with unannounced guests just at dinner time, she knew it was going to take careful stretching to make the ducks go round. During the carv-

ing, one duck slid to the floor.

Calmly the young woman rang for the maid and with a barely perceptible lowering of one eyelid, she said, "Bring in another duck, Bessie."

So Bessie took the fallen duck to the kitchen, carefully wiped it off and brought it back to the table.—H. B. CLAPESATTLE IN *The Doctors Mayo* (U. OF MINN. PRESS)

*Sterilize the mentally defective? A California research foundation has surveyed the results of sterilization in that state. Here are its findings*



## **Plain Talk about Sterilization**

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

PATIENTLY the superintendent of the state mental hospital explained to the mother of seven children that she should stop having children and that the surest way to terminate the arrivals was to undergo sterilization.

It was useless to reason with her on the basis that her mother and a sister were insane—that a brother had committed suicide while deranged. For the patient herself was mentally subnormal and would not have understood about inherited insanity.

Her decision was negative.

"We already have seven children," she pointed out, "and we are getting half-orphan aid from the state for them and we have always figured that when we have two more children, the income will be big enough so we could live on it and my husband could stop work."

This unfortunate California woman

was but one of nearly 20 million persons in the United States—close to 15 per cent of the population—who are either mentally ill or below normal intelligence. Undoubtedly this segment of the nation's people provides the breeding ground for much of our crime, vice, dependence, disease and industrial inefficiency.

What is more, the great bulk of these millions are at large; for the most part, only the more conspicuous cases come to attention and are given public care. There are no facilities for the majority, who remain largely unidentified.

Contrary to Nature's way—which is to reserve survival only for the fittest—among modern men, the rule is to give more care to the weak than to the strong. But the rules do not commit us to unrestricted multiplication of the weak. And one solution now under trial is eugenic steri-

lization. Beginning with Indiana in 1899, 30 states have enacted laws providing for such treatment of those legally committed to mental institutions.

What have been the results?

From California, whose 15,000 sterilizations since 1909 are double the total of all other states combined, comes one answer. It is based on findings of the Human Betterment Foundation of Pasadena, a fact-finding body set up in 1928 by a retired philanthropist, E. S. Gosney, with the goal of "constructive, practical advancement and betterment of human life, character and citizenship" through the gathering and dissemination of social knowledge.

With the cooperation of the state, this body has made two extensive surveys in the field of those sterilized, investigating the immediate circumstances leading to the operation in each case, plus the patient's family history and his welfare afterward. All other information and ideas on the subject were disregarded. In order to insure scientific standards of accuracy, Gosney selected an advisory board of persons famous in their respective fields: Dr. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, Dr. R. B. Von Kleinsmid, president of the University of Southern California; William B. Munro, nationally known economist, and Harry Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, to name a few. The work was placed under the direct supervision of Dr. Paul Popenoe, eugenicist and authority on family relations.

In general, the HBF surveys found that sterilization of the mentally unsound achieves its purpose: protection of the afflicted, their families, society, and posterity.

The case of a woman sterilized at the Norwalk State Hospital following a nervous breakdown after giving birth to a child, typifies the immediate, personal benefits. Reached by mail at her new home in West Orange, New Jersey, some years later, she wrote that, "My health is very much improved . . . My mentality has improved wonderfully . . . I am very happy."

Most important, judging from the surveys, society was spared any further offspring harboring potential insanity from this source. This woman was afflicted with dementia praecox, which fills more hospital beds than any other mental disease, and is one of the most incurable.

About half the children of a family in which one parent is suffering from this ailment, will be abnormal. One-tenth of those who reach maturity are doomed to be stricken with the same thing. Comprising the largest group of those sterilized in California, dementia praecox progresses steadily until it destroys first the mind, then the life of the victim.

The next most extensive is manic depressive insanity. Nearly two-thirds of the children of a family in which a single parent is so afflicted will be abnormal at some time or other, half of these insane; and those offspring who escape, as in families with dementia praecox, carry the disease for



transmission to future generations. In one phase, marked by high excitement, this type often drives the victim to murder and later, in a reversal of this mood, to suicide.

The sources of these two groups, together with the feeble-minded, defined as those at or below the mental level of the normal 10-year-old, were found chiefly in the ranks of unskilled labor, vagrants, dependents and unemployables. Those in whom further conception was halted by sterilization had already averaged five children per family. Compare this with just over two for families with students at the University of California.

STERILIZATION is not to be confused with punishment or mutilation. Its only effect is to remove the power of parenthood, by severing and tying off the tiny conduits conveying the life-giving cells: ova in the female, spermatozoa in the male. There is no effect on the sexual, physical or mental condition of the subject. On men the operation is performed in 10 minutes and entails no loss of time for recuperation. For women it is slightly more complicated, requiring a two-inch incision in the lower abdomen and a short period of rest. Properly performed, the operation is wholly successful 100 per cent of the time.

It is commonly argued that sterilization encourages sexual promiscuity. The California surveys indicate the opposite. According to them, in one group of 423 feeble-minded girls who had been sex offenders in the ratio

of nine in every 12, only one in 12 resumed her old habits after being sterilized and returned to society. In any case, even those who failed to respond were no longer bearing children. Much of this improvement was credited to better general health built up at the institution, training and discipline while there, and intelligent supervision after parole.

One girl of 15, mother of an illegitimate child, continued to be wayward after confinement at three correctional institutions. Finally sterilized, at the request of her mother, she married and settled down to a conventional place in the community. Her example is typical of thousands on file with the Human Betterment Foundation.

Well over 75 per cent of the young men and women sterilized, disciplined and trained after careers of promiscuity, and other anti-social conduct, says the Human Betterment Foundation, have made good afterward, both as to behavior and in helping to earn their way.

Among the best friends of sterilization, the surveys revealed, are the patients themselves and their families. This attitude is illustrated by the case of one woman who, with four healthy youngsters, submitted to sterilization solely for economic reasons when all other measures to curtail the family had failed. Though apprehensive at first, she afterward reported great physical and emotional improvement. She had gained weight, found a new interest in her neighbors, enjoyed the theater and recovered the

affections of her husband.

Rarely was there any objection to the operation, and those few found were usually irrational.

Legal sterilization in California is applied only after careful study of the patient by medical specialists, usually with the written consent of the nearest relatives. It is largely limited to those likely to propagate upon their return home. Obviously there is no point in sterilizing those beyond the age of sexual potency or those whose mental condition requires their permanent detention.

In making possible the release of many who otherwise would be kept confined the rest of their lives, room

is made in the already overcrowded institutions for new patients, and families are kept intact.

Finally, the principle of compulsory eugenic sterilization by the state was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in a case coming before it in 1927. In writing the decision, the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked: "Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

But laws alone are not sufficient. In a democratic society, where all issues rest in the hands of the individuals constituting it, the long-range answer lies in education; and the Human Betterment Foundation seeks only to promote that cause.



### **Where There's a Will . . .**

¶Because his pipe smoking meant so much to him, a man in Holland directed that his casket be lined with choice cigars.

¶An early American statesman stated in his will that the large income he left to his wife be doubled in the event of her re-marriage.

¶A Philadelphia man left his modest estate to his wealthy employer because "he always enjoyed working for him."

¶A New Hampshire woman disinherited her son, but left money to provide for her fox-terrier.

¶A colored woman in Colorado, who once had been a slave, left half of a very large estate to her former owner.

¶One old man directed in his will that he be buried in a dog cemetery.

¶A Missouri man left a \$1,000 trust fund, the interest from which is to be paid annually to his city's politest boy and girl.

—PAT CASEY GREEN

## Not of Our Species



Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • The taxidermized body of Owney, 'round-the-world-dog, rests in the Postal Museum in Washington, D. C., now.

When he climbed aboard the mail car of a train leaving Albany his travels began. Spending most of his life on trains, he eventually visited every large city in the United States. The Postmaster General presented him with a lifetime pass permitting him to ride in any U. S. mail car. Once, in San Francisco, he was met by the mayor and given a special travelling bag containing blanket, comb and brush.

He visited Mexico and Canada, then boarded a steamship bound for the Orient. At Hongkong he received a personal passport from the Chinese Emperor.

He returned to America via western Europe, circling the globe in 132 days and picking up 200 medals and tags

all along his adventurous route.

Reporters who interviewed him in New York discovered that he lacked but one credential—a dog license.

—From Mrs. O. C. Stuck,  
Scranton, Pennsylvania.



• • • Mice invaded Mrs. Herbert S. Miller's home, and she set numerous traps. Her cocker spaniel, "Cinders," always watched the traps being set or the victims removed. One morning a mouse broke cover in the living room, and with Cinders in hot pursuit, dashed for the fireplace, managed to elude its pursuer, and escaped up the chimney.

For a moment Cinders stared at the fireplace. Then he turned, went out the back door, and was heard trotting into the garage where the majority

of traps were set. In a few minutes he was back carrying a mousetrap in his mouth. Cinders carried this across the room, carefully laid it down, and pushed it with his nose to a position directly in front of the fireplace.

—From Mrs. Herbert S. Miller,  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

• • • Friends of Dr. Grace G. Wilson, a Seattle physician, informed her when she was visiting them that their Boston bull, Smoky, had been missing two days. Suddenly, they heard a heavy bark at the door.

Outside stood a large German shepherd, supporting Smoky, who had apparently been run over by an automobile. The shepherd supported Smoky by holding the bull's collar between his teeth. When Smoky was picked up, the shepherd left.

The shepherd had never before been seen in that part of the city—and from that moment on he was never seen again.

—From Dr. Grace G. Wilson,  
Seattle, Washington.

• • • O. R. Gregory was strolling along a starlit country road when he heard a peculiar low cry. He investigated with a flashlight and found a full grown skunk lying by the roadside, its hind quarters apparently

having been crushed by a car. In search of stones with which to kill it, Gregory walked a short distance.

Upon his return, he found that several other skunks had surrounded the injured animal. They began slowly carrying it to a brush covered gulley several hundred yards away.

Gregory approached, turned the beam of his powerful flashlight on the skunks, who paid no attention. He tossed an ineffectual rock at them. With the efficiency of a trained rescue squad, they assisted their comrade into the gulley and out of sight among the brush.

—From O. R. Gregory,  
Pomona, California.

• • • While watching a hill of carpenter ants, George W. Cady decided to drop a piece of hard candy among them and observe the results.

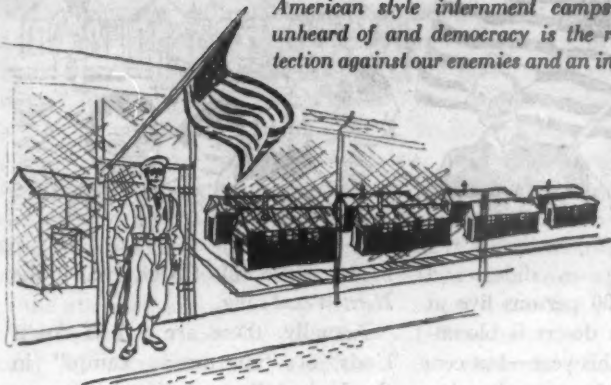
The ants swarmed over the candy. However, the moisture of their bodies and the heat of the sun soon made the candy sticky. The ants hurriedly withdrew, several having great difficulty in freeing their feet from the gummy mass.

A few moments later, Cady saw the insects returning, each carrying a small chip of wood. They then laid the chips on the candy so as to form a number of radiating causeways. Then with perfect safety, they stood on the chips while they finished their meal.

And they say only humans reason!

—From George W. Cady,  
Whitaker, Pennsylvania.

American style internment camps—where brutality is unheard of and democracy is the rule—are both a protection against our enemies and an investment in the future



## Concentration Camp—U.S.A. Style

by MICHAEL EVANS

CONCENTRATION camps are a familiar story in Hitler's Germany. They are part of the sadistic machinery for breaking men's bodies, minds and souls. They are an important part of what we are fighting against.

And so we have brought internment camps to America.

To break men's bodies? To punish men because they are of another race or belief?

Well, let Emon Tatsui tell what we're doing. Emon was a technician in one of the big Hollywood studios. He's in a U.S. internment camp today. And this is what he wrote in one of his letters:

"I like to tell you about this camp. Nice place to live. It's better than Hollywood. Snow on mountains is bright. Every day 80 to 85. No black-out in here. There are liberty, safe and build up new life."

Emon isn't so good with English

words. But he gets his idea across. They aren't writing that kind of letter from *Boergermoor*, dreary German concentration camp. Nor from *Dachau*, or from half a hundred others like it.

But the fact remains that internment camps, under a variety of euphemistic names, exist today. Some are camps for the Japanese—for the Issei (the Japanese-born) and Nisei (the American born); some are for the Italians and Germans; and some are for Americans.

What sort of places are they, these American internment camps?

Take Emon's camp, for example. It is called Manzanar, the biggest of the West Coast "reception centers." It is a 6,000-acre tract in the Mojave desert. Last spring it was a dusty, windswept open barrens; today it is a bustling community. There are ball games on trim grass diamonds. And





youngsters playing on slides and swings. Some 10,000 persons live at Manzanar and the desert is blooming. Probably not this year—but certainly next year—Manzanar is going to raise all the food it needs.

But crops of cauliflower, lettuce, potatoes, celery and onions are not all that is flourishing in those arid wastes.

DEMOCRACY is blooming, too. Certainly, there are some among those 10,000 who would stab us in the back—if they could. If it were not for them, Manzanar would not exist.

But listen to this, from the *Free Press*, the aptly named mimeograph newspaper of the Owens Valley Reception Center. This comes not from a Caucasian American, safe behind his white face and European features, but from a Japanese-blooded editor:

"You will discover great adventure in our way of life. Here, in the beginning of democracy, is a transplanted pioneer community; equality and fraternity are accepted principles. Special privileges and classes are taboo."

That is the American way.

War has brought internment camps to America, but they have about as much relation to the Nazi

model as the Bill of Rights has to the Horst Wessel song.

Actually, there are a half dozen kinds of "internment camps" in the United States: reception camps and resettlement areas in the West; alien colonies in the mountain states; detention camps in the Midwest and on the east coast, outdoor camps for aliens deemed to be actively dangerous to the United States. And then, too, there are the camps where conscientious objectors—Americans who refuse to participate in the war on moral or religious grounds—work at forest and farm jobs.

Life may not be pleasant in some of the American camps. Most of them are located in far-away places. Camp dwellers can not come and go as they wish. The bunks may not be equipped with inner-spring mattresses—but they are clean. The food may not be fancy—but it is plentiful and nourishing. There are no corner movies or drugstores with ice cream sodas—but there are regular entertainments and well-stocked libraries. And if you're ill, the services of the best medical clinic the government can provide are available.

Perhaps you ran a thriving vegetable stand in Los Angeles (as many

of the Japanese did). Perhaps you owned a string of hotels in the Pacific Northwest. You won't make as much money at Tanfaron or Santa Anita or the International Livestock Exposition Grounds, near Portland. But a half dozen government agencies, headed by the Federal Reserve Bank, are standing guard to protect the commercial and financial interests of the uprooted aliens.

Best of all, you have the time-honored American right to complain. If you don't like it you can gripe and grouse to your heart's content. And no one will come smashing down on your back with a rubber hose, or maul your face to a pulp under hob-nailed boots.

AN ELDERLY Japanese in a West Coast camp put it very well. His name is Tokutaro Slocum and he used to be a sergeant in the U.S. Army. He got the "Slocum" from the American family which brought him up. This is what he says:

"Being here is my part in the war."

Or, as Chiye Mori, who was a newspaper girl in Los Angeles, declares:

"If Japan wins this war *we* have the most to lose. We hope America wins and quickly. This is the way we are demonstrating our loyalty. We want to share in the war effort . . . in the gloom of temporary defeats and the joys of ultimate victory."

In "internment camps" on the west coast, the Japanese are voting and holding office. They are learning self-government by writing their own constitutions and putting them into

effect. They are holding court over their fellow internees. They are policing their camps and maintaining justice. (At Manzanar, the principal difficulty was with "late card players.")

Somewhat more than 120,000 persons of Japanese extraction have been uprooted from their homes. And close to 75,000 of them are American citizens, with just as many constitutional rights and privileges as you or I. This movement was a purely military measure—but not, in any way, a harsh one.

However, it would be wrong to cite the Japanese camps and colonies as entirely typical.

In New York harbor there is a little plot of land which to millions of Americans and to the forebears of more millions has been the first soil which they could call free soil: Ellis Island, gateway to America.

But today the cluster of red brick buildings on Ellis Island is a prison for aliens. Here are assembled those drawn in by the dragnet of the FBI as operators of secret short-wave sets, printers of subversive pamphlets, would-be-spies and suspected spies. Yet, even here, each suspect has the rights of any man under the Anglo-Saxon law to be considered innocent until proved guilty.

But there is no self-rule at Ellis Island.

Even here discipline, so far as it is reasonably possible, is placed in the hands of the internees themselves. They are invited to take responsibility for operation of the camps—division of chores, maintenance of working

hours, punishment of minor rule infractions and many recreational activities.

The big difference between the western camps and the eastern ones is that in the East there has been no wholesale effort to intern all enemy aliens; only those known or strongly suspected of enemy sympathy have been segregated. In the West—because we admittedly could not be certain of the difference between a friendly Japanese and an enemy Japanese—they were all swept up.

Just the same, thousands of Japanese did all they could before internment to work toward an American victory. Many volunteered to go into the labor-barren sugar beet fields of eastern Oregon, southern Idaho and western Colorado and help save that vital crop from the rank growth of weeds. At Manzanar, where they have established their own copy of

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *Road to Victory*: Show entitled "Road to Victory," presented by The Museum of Modern Art in New York; the U. S. Department of Interior; U. S. Navy; U. S. Army Signal Corps; U. S. Army Air Corps; Acme News-pictures, Inc.; International News Photos; Delano, Lange, Lee and Marion Post Wolcott of F.S.A.; Robert Yarnall Richie; Aerographic of New Orleans.

that truest microcosm of democracy, the New England town meeting, many of them feel they have a stake in the future of our country—and want to see it continue as a democracy.

Perhaps that's why George Nakamura worried so much over the farm he had leased to a Chinese before being evacuated that he finally wrote the War Time Civil Control Administration:

"Please tell Wong to irrigate the celery at least once every five days if it fails to rain, and to harvest the crop as soon as possible."



## Smellies

SOME MONTHS ago, a Detroit theatre tried out the latest stunt in movies—"smellies."

Chemical engineers placed odor-filled cartridges in a machine—turned on compressed air and shot the aromas through the theatre's ventilating system.

The scents spread fast and vanished with the scene. For *Sea Hawk* they whipped out five distinct odors in 90 seconds, includ-

ing tar and ropes, a swamp smell, and a rose garden.

Pictures with odors can now be shown in any theatre which has sound equipment, and nearly every odor can be duplicated. Two Swiss inventors recently made a 35-minute special "smellie" titled *My Dream*. It has a cast of 15 people and 32 odors, including perfume, tar, peaches, new mown hay, cocoanut and roses.

—ROBERT M. HYATT

## *Picture Story:*



## **Road to Victory**

*Based on text by Carl Sandburg and photographs arranged by Lieutenant Commander Edward Steichen, from the exhibit of that name shown at New York's Museum of Modern Art*

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to find two men more typically American in their respective fields than photographer Edward Steichen (right, above); and writer Carl Sandburg (left, above). Steichen, a colonel in the air corps during the last war, now serves the U. S. Navy as Lieutenant Commander. He wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Born in Michigan and schooled in Wisconsin, he has been America's most famed photographer for over a generation. Nevertheless, for *Road to Victory* he has used none of his own pictures. Carl Sandburg, one of America's most famous writers and poets of all time, and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, was born in Illinois, served in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War. The two men, brothers-in-law, are collaborating for the first time. Their *Road to Victory* exhibit, which thrilled crowds all summer, presents a giant, moving chronicle of America today—the story of what America is fighting for—a portrait of the American Spirit at war. *Coronet* is proud to feature in the pages that follow, this adaptation of it. Their chronicle begins, of course, at the beginning . . .



*... when all was virgin land. Then America was filled with promise.*



*Then buffalo by the thousands pawed the Great Plains. But an endless tide of white men—with an endless hunger for land—slowly forced the Red Man to give over. Out of the East moved the pioneers and home seekers—*





*—out among the spreading arteries of the vast Mississippi waterway system—out to the Rockies—*



*and then, over the Rockies and beyond—to the long sunsets of the west coast. Thus America grew and took shape.*



*Today the earth is alive. The land laughs.*



*The people laugh, and the fat of the land is here.*



*Many people make up America—many faces are its faces. You see them every day, everywhere—in their homes, in their home towns—*



*—in their shops and in their churches—*



*—and in their schools where books say America is "the last, best hope of the earth."*

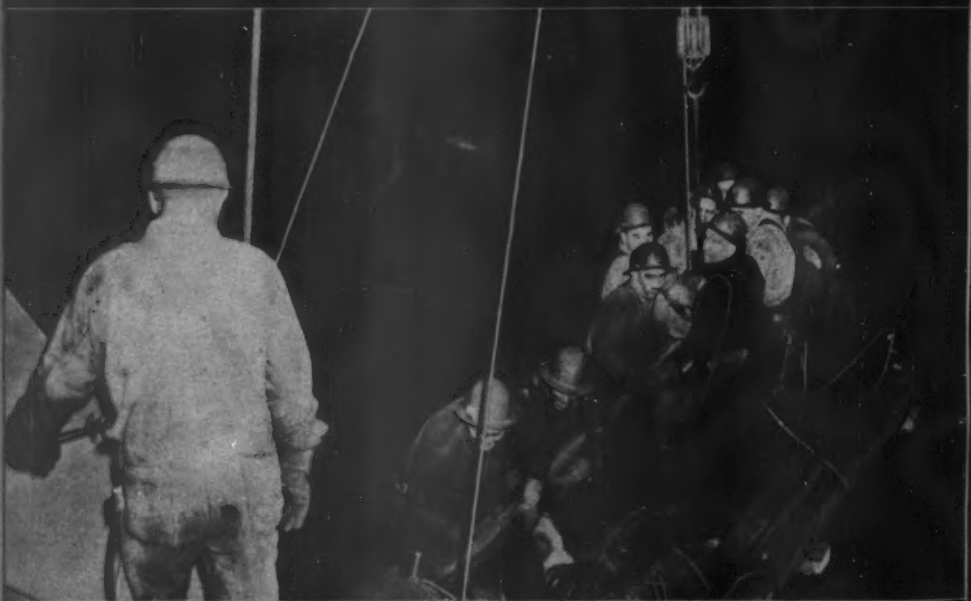


*You see them, too, at mealtimes. Corn on the cob or ham on the hoof. It's the great American institution of "three squares a day."*





*But America is not just people. America is also power—dams and generators. Here is power to water desert farms, to control floods, to bring light to homes and life to factories*



*Hauling, pounding, boring, drilling, lifting—the mighty electro-dynamic wild horses of power are harnessed to help man—to go where man wants—for the day shift or for the night shift.*



*No wonder America, vast and hearty and mighty, could laugh and say:  
"It can't happen to us. We're in no danger of invasion—none at all.  
Haven't we got two oceans protecting us?"*



*Yes, we had our two oceans. But others had two faces—*



*We learned that, rudely, one Sunday morning—December 7, 1941.*



*War—it echoed through the nation. War—and America said: "They asked for it—now, by the living God, they'll get it!"*



*And the men behind the man behind the  
gun dug in. Dug in—and dug out  
ore, shot oil wells, chased slag out of  
copper—*



*—drilled and hammered and riveted  
and tooled—*

*—until the breath of their assembly  
line was in miles of tanks—their  
thumbprints on great ships over  
five oceans.*



*There was heartbreaking news. Bataan. Corregidor. Silence. Yes, let them have silence. Call the roll of their names and let it go at that. They have gone to long sleep and deep silence. But they have gone deep among the never forgotten!*





*And in their places spring thousands, millions. Country boys, big city lads, home town fellers. Some are in the army now—behind a jeep instead of a plow. Engineers bridging a river. Chutists in the sky. Skirmishers on land. Troopers on transports.*



*These army lads are the trouble shooters — millions of them on the march already and millions more on the way. Killers in khaki, they ride their smoke wagons—ready for a long war or a short one.*



*Others turn to the air forces. Smooth and terrible are the mighty weapons of death they now wield. Cruel birds that fly overhead, spitting flame with a hammering cry: "Here's lead in your gut!"*



*Or loads of death, tons on tons of annihilation, falling out of the sky—down, down, down on the enemies of a free world. These killers with wings drop polished cylinders to let loose tornadoes of hell and ashes on the hideouts of Hitler's hordes.*



Still others are in the Navy. Colossal, heavy-chested, many-armed, the Navy glints its gun-barrels with astronomical precision and split-second timing—always hunting the enemy—always slugging, pounding, blasting for freedom.



Whether in gray fog or green mist, sun-silver water or storm salt and spray—whether in trade or strife—the Navy plows ever onward, performing its heavy chores to the tune of a mighty sea-chant: "In the Navy you get every inch of the sea there is!"



This is America—gone to war—whose seeds of fate have borne a fruit of many breeds, sorrow and suffering—they live on—the fathers and mothers of soldiers, sailors, fliers, farmers, builders, workers—their sons and daughters take over—for tomorrow belongs to the children.



*What's your business—priority or ration? What's your station—housewife or manufacturer? The Washington receptionist will tell you whom to see*

## **Silk Stocking Diplomats**

by EDITH M. STERN

PASS THROUGH the doors of any of the vast war agencies that have mushroomed throughout Washington, and the first person you'll contact is a gracious woman. Whether you are after a job or a priority—whether you are president of a railroad or a school-girl hunting autographs — you will pause at the desk of a receptionist.

She will direct you to the office of the person you want to see (he may not be the person you think you want to see at all) and will give you the right number in the right building. All this whether your quest is as vague as a housewife's "finding out something about blackouts," or as specific as a business man's "where are they holding the meeting on typewriters this morning?"

Government receptionists are as essential to the smooth functioning of the complex war setup as lubricating oil to a piece of machinery, though

they are not always called receptionists. Depending on the agency, they are also variously called "receptionist-clerk," "secretary," "information clerk," "contact officer" or "administrative assistant."

Under any name, however, the receptionists, day in and day out, do a man-sized job, acting as nerve centers for the scattered war agencies.

MANY OF the Boards and Offices are dispersed in sprawling temporary structures, in converted apartment houses and hotels, in huge government buildings whose former occupants have been decentralized and ousted. Four digit office numbers line mazes of corridors, along which you can lose your way more easily than not. Personnel is here today and gone tomorrow as experts leave government to return to private industry or as government employees in old-line departments trans-





fer to agencies immediately connected with the war effort. And staffs are continually enlarged, new people take on new functions.

Mrs. Belle Oliver Hart, chief receptionist of the War Production Board, calls herself a confusion-chaser. And she has plenty to chase. For WPB is housed in no fewer than eight buildings, all so crowded that moves from one office to another are as common as New Yorkers' migrations on October first. It's not at all uncommon for someone to ask, "Where is the boss's office now?"

A pretty Virginia woman who does not nearly show her 39 years, Belle Hart occupies a desk in Donald Nelson's reception room where, unruffled and courteous, she correctly directs a constant stream of visitors. Just as an added sideline, she also supervises 25 assistant receptionists stationed in an Information Office on the ground floor of the Social Security Building and at every elevator exit.

Mrs. Hart began bringing order out of chaos when she moved with the National Advisory Commission into a corridor of the Munitions Building in

July, 1940. Callers came for army engineers who had occupied the corridor for 15 or 20 years and had been transferred—no one knew where. Hordes of laborers, washed and unwashed, clamored for jobs. So did lawyers.

But even this was mere kindergarten training for today's receptionist job. At that time, for instance, priorities were under one man—now they're handled by 160 specialists.

Finally in March, 1942, Mrs. Hart moved with the then Office of Production Management into the unfinished Social Security Building—strewn with pots of paint, saws and sticky mortar. But receiving soon became too much for one person, so she organized her staff, presiding herself in the antechamber of Nelson's offices.

It's practically recess for Mrs. Hart when only as few as four or five people are there at the same time; she can hold the telephone to her ear, sign for a letter, and interview a caller simultaneously. I watched the procession going in and out on what she called "a quiet day." Only two were women: a job-hunting secretary and a girl from back home who wanted to surprise a secretary friend.

"They're the most delicate of all to handle," Mrs. Hart informed me later. "Surprises are out. Too many of the offices are like goldfish globes and nothing would get done if we didn't try to protect privacy."

In this particular case, though, she sent the caller away happy after finding out for her where her friend was lunching so she could join her.

Men came in by the dozen. A young

man wanting to see John G. Swift in 5516—where was it? Mrs. Hart consulted a sizable, finely printed directory. Mr. Swift was in 5516, all right, but 5516 in another building.

A tall gray-haired man only nodded in answer to her "Can I help you?" dashed by her into the inner offices.

"Excuse me," she said to me, "I want to shadow him." She rose, walked across the room, peered down a corridor, watched him go into one of the offices. Then she made a phone call. "It's all right," she said finally. "A new employee. He doesn't know he should have given me his name and room number for my records."

Donald Nelson strode through the outer office, tipped his hat.

"I never call the big executives by name when they pass through," she informed me. "Someone would be sure to clutch them by the coat-tails."

A well dressed, white-haired man who looked like a stage banker presented his card, asked for Mr. Nelson.

The old gentleman coughed. "It's about employment," he said.

It was obvious, by his manner and appearance, that he had never had to ask for a job before. With sensitivity, Mrs. Hart bolstered him.

"On a volunteer basis?" she inquired. The visitor brightened, smiled.

So she called the secretary of the Nelson assistant who handles employment, gave the visitor's name, former business connection — and injected dignity by saying his call was "in reference to being helpful. . ."

Messengers delivered confidential letters from the FBI and the White

House—she passed them on promptly.

When one caller announced himself as a spelilogist, I thought, here's a crank. But it turned out he was a bona fide scientist. Speliology is the study of caves, he explained. He was president of the only scientific society devoting itself to this study, and wanted to make his data available to the proper government official. Perhaps caves might come in handy for storage, or in case industry had to be decentralized—you never could tell. Mrs. Hart talked with him for 20 minutes, finally sent him down a corridor. He came out beaming.

What Belle Hart does call a busy day is one when the Board meets.

On such a day, I watched her check in Vice President Wallace, Leon Henderson, Jesse Jones, Sidney Weinberg, Donald Nelson, Joseph B. Eastman, Under-secretary of War Patterson, Isidor Lubin and Stacy May—all in rapid succession.

History has been made through apparently minor incidents, and receptionists sometimes can make things happen.

For instance, once during a labor dispute so acrid that delegates from



both sides occupied WPB offices day and night, one labor delegate had been silent for days. Finally one morning when everyone's nerves and temper were at the breaking point and it seemed as if a permanent impasse had been reached, the silent one, who was vigorously chewing tobacco, indicated he wanted to speak.

"Get a cuspidor!" someone whispered frantically.

There was none in sight: the chewer seemed almost ready to burst. Quickly Mrs. Hart sent her ushers to the elevator to bring in the sand-filled metal urn for cigarettes; with great relief, the labor delegate spat his plug into the sand. Then everyone guffawed, tension was lessened, and within a short time the dispute was amicably settled.

Another time, Mrs. Hart introduced the president of the Hamilton Watch Company to the president of the International Silver Company when both happened to be waiting in her office at the same time. The two men went into an informal huddle and arranged, then and there, a business deal over which their underlings had been corresponding for months.

Trained under Mrs. Hart, the "principal assistant" in charge of eight other receptionists at the Office of Civilian Defense is Mrs. Helen Borda, a West Virginian who had been with the Resettlement Administration in early New Deal days.

"I have a speaking acquaintance with half the mayors in the United States," she says.

She also meets millionaire members of the Civil Air Patrol, house-

wives, Melvin Douglas fans, salesmen of fire-fighting equipment, and friends or would-be friends of top-fighters. At the moment there's a big rush of Harvard Law School graduates who had a class under Dean Landis.

DARK-HAIRED, dark-eyed Mrs. Elisabeth Carver, who manages somehow to be active in her local PTA and as a scout leader, receives at the Office of Facts and Figures. Editors, writers, radio people, foreign embassy attaches, stop at her desk to sign their names and get a visitor's badge. No exceptions—neither for a cub reporter nor for a Donald Nelson. Nelson, incidentally, once walked out of the building with his badge still attached to his lapel.

Distinctive in another way are the people who pass Mrs. Alice G. Evans' desk at the War Savings Staff. Nearly all of them come to give, not to ask favors—or to volunteer their services in the War Savings campaign. Mrs. Evans, a gentle, matronly woman with whom people instinctively sit down to tell about their troubles, has steered Irving Berlin, Rubinoff, Powers models, and Army and Navy officers arranging for payroll allotments, to the proper staff officials.

At the Office of Price Administration Mrs. Marguerite Kates and her six assistants do the honors.

Mrs. Kates has worked out ways of sparing callers and officials alike. Many a manufacturer has arranged conversation over her telephone—without having to go "upstairs." She and her staff also explain rationing regulations to

John Q. Public and wife.

In Mr. McNutt's reception room, blue-eyed Mary Jo Keene efficiently guides callers through the complexities of Social Security, Defense Health and Welfare, and the War Man Power Commission. An alumna of the governor's staff both in Indianapolis and in Manila, Miss Keene often greets old friends. She is hostess, too, to recreation celebrities like Elmer Layden, Jack Dempsey, and Gene Sarazen; doctors, from Surgeon General Parran to village physicians; salesmen who, she manages gently to convince, should be seeing the person she suggests rather than McNutt himself.

Like other receptionists, Miss Keene realizes that the old standby, "it's always best to go right to the top" is a fallacy: often the official appointed to take charge of certain details is far better equipped to meet a caller's need than the boss. Miss Keene is also a

master of tact at soothing the ruffled feelings of visitors who consider it an indignity to have to give information about themselves. Not that the great are those most touchy about identifying themselves. Far from it. For instance, when the president of Harvard University paused at Miss Keene's desk, he said simply, "Conant is the name; Mr. McNutt is expecting me."

Many Washington visitors, returned home, send fan and thank-you letters to receptionists who have smoothed their paths. One wizened old man, whom Mrs. Borda had patiently and painstakingly directed, slipped a note into her hand as he was leaving.

"They have rationed sugar," it read. "You are so sweet, they ought to ration you, too."

—*Suggestion for further reading*

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT

by W. M. Kiplinger

Harper & Brothers, New York

\$3.50



## Swiss Movement



An American watchmaking firm made a length of extremely strong wire—wire so fine it was almost invisible to the naked eye. Proudly, the Americans sent a piece of this wire to an old Swiss watchmaking company. "Here," they wrote, "is a sample of our skill."

Not long afterward, the Swiss returned the piece of wire with a brief note: "Thank you very much," they said. "And now please examine your wire under a microscope."

The Americans did so.

They found the Swiss had bored a hole cleanly through the center of their fine, almost invisible strand of wire!

—SIDNEY CARROLL

## Coronet Quiz:



**WANTED:** Keen-willed men and women, with sharp pencils, to take this unusual and challenging information quiz

## Too Tough to Classify

**T**HE CLASSIFIED section of your newspaper was never like this, but let's pretend that for one special edition it consists of the following 50 ads. You will note that each public notice contains an allusion to some literary work; your task is to name that work, whether it be novel, play, short story, opera or poem.

Count two points for each correct answer. Then, as a bonus, award yourself an extra point if you can also name the author or composer. The total possible score is 150. Don't worry about scoring more than 100. In fact, you're doing very well if you get 92; and anything over 75 is considered good. Answers will be found on page 130.

**1 PERSONAL**—K. F. To hell with the Main Line; would rather have you be my wife than my secretary. W.S.

**2 LOST**—Large gold pocket watch; if found return to White Rabbit.

**3 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY**  
Double your money overnight in covered carpet tack business. Contact J. Wallingford.

**4 SITUATION WANTED**—Crop harvesters, experienced; entire family willing to work for low pay. The Joads.

**5 REWARD**  
20 pounds reward for information leading to the capture of FRANKIE McHUGH by the Black and Tans.

**6 INSTRUCTION**—Marvelous short cut to operatic success via hypnotism; one easy lesson. Svengali.

**7 APARTMENT TO LET**  
Cosy suite, conveniently located on Rue Morgue; will sublet at sacrifice rental.

**8 FOR SALE**—"Manderlay" estate; house somewhat damaged. M. de Winter.



- 9 HELP WANTED—MALE**  
CAN USE DEMOLITION EXPERT FOR  
WORK ON BRIDGE  
Highly dangerous and pays mostly  
in honor. APPLY TO ROBERT  
JORDAN.
- 10 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY**—Quali-  
fied chemist will be paid well to  
keep eye on elderly gentleman who  
makes firecrackers in basement. In-  
quire the Sycamores.
- 11 PERSONAL**—Dear Peggotty, I am  
willing. Barkis.
- 12 REWARD**—For information leading  
to the arrest and conviction of the  
murderer of the late King of Den-  
mark.
- 13 SPECIAL EVENT**  
Gala Bull Fight featuring the fa-  
mous toreador Escamillo in posi-  
tively his last performance of the  
season.
- 14 MISSING**—Pair of silver candle-  
sticks; church property; no ques-  
tions asked. Bishop of D—.
- 15 SEANCE TONIGHT**—Remarkable  
apparition of Marley's ghost, com-  
plete with clanking chains; sched-  
uled promptly at midnight.
- 16 LOST**—Boy's shadow; finder return  
to Peter.
- 17 OPPORTUNITY**  
Expedition being formed to recover  
lost treasure. Apply to Dr. Livesey.
- 18 FOR SALE—LIMITED NUMBER OF**  
LOTS IN ZENITH'S BIGGEST AND  
BEST SUBDIVISION; GREATEST  
REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITY  
EVER; GROW WITH ZENITH.
- 19 WARNING**—Edmund Dantes, mate  
of the merchant ship Pharaon,  
is in reality a dangerous Bonapart-  
ist; he should be imprisoned. A  
Friend.
- 20 PERSONAL**—Darling, come back to  
me when the cherry blossoms  
bloom; Junior is asking for you.  
Cho Cho San.
- 21 WANTED**—Boys to whitewash  
fence; any reasonable offer consid-  
ered for this remarkable privilege.
- 22 MISSING**—For 20 years, Dutch set-  
tler; last seen leaving for Catskills  
on hunting trip.
- 23 WILL TRADE**—Luxurious switch of  
genuine human hair for watch fob;  
transaction must be completed be-  
fore Christmas.
- 24 INSTRUCTION**  
Free lessons in diction to any Cock-  
ney interested in bettering her sta-  
tion.
- 25 PROFESSIONAL SERVICES**  
Is there a doctor who can remove  
pound of flesh without shedding  
blood? Generous payment.
- 26 WANTED**—Companion to share jug  
of wine and loaf of bread; beautiful  
wilderness setting.
- 27 PERSONAL—REPENT YE SINNERS**  
—save your soul. Apply to the Rev-  
erend Davidson of Nebraska.
- 28 BOATING**—Row on beautiful Grass  
Lake in very boat used by Clyde  
Griffiths, equipped with new un-  
sinkable device.
- 29 REWARD**—For information leading  
to identity of my bridegroom, who  
recently arrived via swanboat.
- 30 WANTED**—Successor to ruler of Ti-  
betan utopia; running water and  
other ultra modern conveniences.
- 31 NOTICE**—to all sea captains—any  
ship carrying Philip Nolan is pro-  
hibited from permitting him to dis-  
embark at any port.
- 32 INSTRUCTION**—Easy and pleasant  
knitting lessons given in front of  
La Guillotine. MADAME THERESE  
DEFARGE.
- 33 FOUND**—Last night upon my door-  
step, a baby boy. Reward for infor-  
mation regarding him. Mr. All-  
worthy.
- 34 PERSONAL**—Gavin, forget your  
ministerial duties, and meet me in  
the woods for a gypsy wedding.  
Babbie.
- 35 ATTRACTION**  
CITIZENS OF LILLIPUT, COME  
ONE, COME ALL, AND SEE THE  
GIANT WHO HAS BEEN CAST  
UPON OUR BEACH.
- 36 WANTED FOR MURDER**  
Runaway slave by the name of Jim,  
last seen floating down the Missis-  
sippi on a raft.
- 37 REWARD**—For information concern-  
ing infant boy named Mowgli, lost  
in the forest; parents anxious for  
his safety.
- 38 ANNOUNCEMENT**—Mister Heath-  
cliffe is now home from his travels  
in America and is holding open  
house at the Grange.
- 39 OPPORTUNITY**  
For young men to learn lucrative  
profession under tutelage of ex-  
perts; SEE THE ARTFUL DODGER  
OR FAGIN.
- 40 GOVERNESS WANTED**—To care for  
ward of Mr. Rochester. Apply at  
Thornwood.
- 41 FOR SALE**—Pious and faithful slave  
named Tom. Apply George Shelby  
of Kentucky.
- 42 NEEDED**—A brave man to imperson-  
ate King Rudolph at his corona-  
tion tomorrow in Streisan, thereby  
foiling his treacherous brother,  
Duke Michael.
- 43 AUCTION TODAY**  
Dorlcote Mill must be sold because  
of ruin and death of owner; see  
Tom or Maggie Tulliver for infor-  
mation.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><b>44 PILLORY TODAY</b>—Bostonians can witness the punishment of one Hester Prynne, who with her illegitimate daughter will serve sentence in the public square today.</p> <p><b>45 EXPERT TRAINING</b>—For recalcitrant wives, undertaken by Petruchio, who has had great personal success.</p> <p><b>46 FENCING LESSONS</b>—Learn the gentlemanly art of self-defense from the best firm in the business. <b>ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS AND D'ARTAGNAN.</b></p> | <p><b>47 DEATH NOTICE</b>—Catherine, beloved wife of Frederic Henry; suddenly; interment in Montreux, Switz.</p> <p><b>48 REWARD</b>—For information as to the whereabouts of Fortunato, nobleman and connoisseur of wines, who has disappeared without leaving the slightest trace.</p> <p><b>49 WARNING—TRY NOT THE PASS!</b> Dark lowers the tempest overhead. The roaring torrent is deep and wide.</p> <p><b>50 FOR RENT</b><br/>Stately palace in Xanadu, near the river Alph.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Nipponese Numerology

**D**ESPITE military, naval and engineering achievements, which entail much mathematical calculation, no Japanese can count above ten in his own language. As soon as he gets above the number of fingers on his two hands he must count in Chinese.

In fact the Japs use Chinese words for nearly all numerals, except for the "bad" words, four and seven. In Chinese four is *shi*, which means "death" in Japanese. It is usually considered both bad luck and bad manners to use this word baldly, by itself, so the true Japanese equivalent (*yotsu*) or some polite circumlocution is substituted.

Seven, *shichi* in Chinese, means "death's door" in Japanese, and is universally avoided. It can seldom be used in any conversation without giving offense, hence a contraction of the old Japanese *nanatsu*, usually *nana*, is substituted.

The Japanese press and radio insist that the attack on Pearl Har-

bor was made December 8th, and never mention that it was the morning of the seventh in Hawaii, far on our side of the international date line.

Contrary to reports, there is no mystic meaning to the "zero" inscribed on the new Japanese fighter planes that have been much in the news lately. The last two numerals on the model number of any Japanese plane are the last two digits of the year in which it was first put into production. The "Nakajima 98" went into production in 2598, Japanese, which is 1938 on the Christian calendar. In 1940, or 2600, Japan began production of a whole new series of fighter planes that have now been going into action in great numbers. They all carry "00" or just "0" at the end of their model number. Hence, a "zero" plane may be any one of several fighters of somewhat divergent types, designed the same year but produced in different factories.

—CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

*The author of *Shake Hands with the Dragon* explains why yesterday's news is "hot" enough for the courteous and contemplative Chinese*



## ***The Dragon Goes to Press***

by CARL GLICK

WHEN ONE of my Chinese friends buys his evening newspaper in Chinatown he doesn't bother reading it right away. He doesn't have to. He already knows what's in the paper. For yesterday the editor posted on the public bulletin boards a brief statement of the important happenings of the day, and thoughtfully added, "For comment on this amazing news read tomorrow's paper."

To us, nothing is so stale as yesterday's news, but to the Chinese news isn't really news until it is at least a day or so old.

The whys and wherefores of this were brought home to me one day when I dropped into a Chinese newspaper office with a friend of mine. He was fairly bursting with the secret that a daughter of the House of Chen was to be married.

"It's what the Americans call a 'scoop,'" he exclaimed to the editor.

"I'm the only one to know about it."

The editor raised a questioning eyebrow. "Doesn't the bride know? All the family—and all the relatives? And the man she is to marry?" Then he added, "And now I know. When is the wedding to be?"

"Next month."

"Good. By that time all Chinatown will know. We shall wait until after the wedding before making an announcement. We must not be hasty—much may happen in a month. Suppose it is merely gossip. Should we speak of something to be—but which isn't yet—it might prove embarrassing if it didn't happen—both to the House of Chen and to me. Especially me. When the couple are safely married—and everybody knows—then I shall write a poem in praise of matrimony and speak highly of the virtues of the newly wedded pair. Everybody's intelligence will be flat-

tered, too. They will think they are smarter than I am. They will say, 'I knew about this long before he did.' That will please them. It is better to have news a day too late than a day too soon."

And that's the way it's been since the Chinese started the first newspaper in the world along in the Chou Dynasty around the years 1122 to 222 B.C. The Emperors in those days were curious about what was happening in the kingdom. So they sent out "reporters" twice a year to find out. They called these men *yu jen* or postmen. In reality they were scholars and philosophers attached to the court. They felt it would be quite wrong to bore the Emperor with the recital of dry, dull facts. So these *yu jen* upon their return to court retired to their chambers, and there in solitude and with great deliberation, wrote for the Emperor's entertainment poems, odes, essays, and short stories about what was going on. The Emperors were pleased and so the Chinese have been writing their news stories in this manner ever since.

AT PRESENT there are some dozen different papers published by the Chinese in San Francisco, Chicago and New York. Each paper has its own following, and Chinese living in towns and cities far removed from these metropolitan centers subscribe to the paper that gives the best answer to their political convictions.

Some years before the Japanese Invasion united China in a common cause, each of the four papers pub-

lished in New York was devoted to its own interpretation of the principles of the Kuomintang, the party set up by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen upon the founding of the Chinese Republic in 1911. And each paper announced itself as either, "The Real," "The Original," "The Genuine," or "The Official" paper of the Kuomintang. You paid your money and you took your choice.

The editors quarreled openly in their papers, and had as much fun criticising the other fellow's viewpoint and calling names as any American politician. Naturally circulation rose and fell and advertising wobbled as the various advertisers took sides.

The business managers of the various papers became worried. Without consulting the editors, they got together one evening and had a banquet. After the chop sticks were laid aside, they went into a huddle, and then and there decided on a uniform business policy. They set standard rates of advertising, pay to employees, and subscription rates. Let the editors quarrel all they please, have their fun, throw their literary brick-bats and disagree to their hearts' content, but the business managers vowed to remain friends.

One afternoon one of the papers had a fire. It was impossible to print that day's paper. The editor was in despair. He had a particularly timely and biting editorial against one of his rivals. But the business manager was not daunted. He put the editorial into his pocket and went for a walk. As fast as his fat legs would carry him he trotted to the office of the rival news-



paper and had a chat with his friend, the business manager. They quickly arrived at an agreement. Both papers were printed by the rival press that day and appeared on the streets on schedule.

But then something unforeseen happened. Mailing lists for out-of-town subscribers were mixed up. All of A's papers were sent to B's subscribers, and vice versa. It was, even to the patient Chinese, as great a calamity as if a life-long subscriber to the *Times* unexpectedly received one morning in a *Times* wrapper a copy of the *Daily Worker*.

When the mistake was discovered, the editors hit the ceiling. But the business managers hurried out, had dinner together and found an answer to the dreadful mistake.

In the next issue of their respective papers an editorial appeared above their signatures.

Each said in effect, "After receiving our paper for many years, and approving of the wisdom of our great editor, whose writings have become gems of classic thought and profound utterance, we felt it only wise for once in a lifetime that you read the paper of our esteemed rival. In that manner you can best judge for your-

self what complete nonsense our rival writes. Being thus convinced that his paper is merest trash—like dead autumn leaves blown carelessly about by a vagrant breeze—we now feel you will return to reading the editorials of our great master of prose and poetic utterances, refreshed in mind and calm of soul. The superior man can only appreciate the good after he has known the bad. As Confucius says, 'What the superior man seeks is in himself, what the inferior man seeks is in others.' Tomorrow's paper will be the same as it has always been; brilliant editorials, news for yourself and family, and good reading matter for your leisure moments. And when your year's subscription is over, we trust you will honor us by sending in your renewal promptly."

And since nobody was blamed, and the editorials were identical, everybody was made happy — including both the editors.

SINCE there's only one edition a day with a Chinese newspaper, and the editorial staff consists of an editor and two or three other writers, the paper goes to press without undo hurry or fuss. The editor arrives at his office around noon. The other



writers drift in at their convenience, and turn out their copy in longhand in Chinese.

On the day I watched Chinese typesetters at work, I saw no linotype machine. It can't be used on a Chinese newspaper, for each character is a word in itself, and I was told that to print a Chinese newspaper some 40,000 characters are needed. And there they were, long rows of boxes running the length of the large room. Each character is kept in its own box. That is, all the characters meaning "man" in one box, "woman" in another, and so on.

There were eight typesetters present. The copy was handed them and they started work. It meant walking forward and back, selecting a character from a box near the door and then going to the far end of the room for the next. But they didn't hesitate or fumble. Before the whole paper was set up, they would have walked several miles.

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK that evening the first papers had come off the press. The editor handed me one, pointing out that in Chinese newspapers, the last page is the "front" page. I noticed there in large type the name of the newspaper and beneath it, in English, the caption, "Published Daily Except Sunday and Certain Holidays or Day Following Such Holidays."

"We're required by law to print that," he told me. "I suppose they want to know our intentions. But sometimes we skip an issue now and then. But when we do, we always



*When Carl Glick walks through the streets of Manhattan's Chinatown, doors are thrown open, tea cups brought out, faces light up in friendship—he is one of the few whom the Chinese in America have ac-*

*cepted as one of their number. In addition to his long and happy friendship with the Chinese, he's been active teaching, writing for and directing community theaters. A pioneer in the little theater movement, he's conducted a newspaper column on it for some time. Many of his articles on the Chinese in America have been translated into other languages.*

have the paper on time the next day."

Since the rest of the paper was in Chinese, he told me what it contained: editorials on the first page; international news on the second page; Chinese news on the third page. The fourth page was devoted to stories, poems, human interest stuff and quotations from the philosophers; and the fifth page to special articles on China, reports of speeches, "What our readers think," and comments on important people. The last page was given over to happenings of importance in other Chinatowns throughout the country. This arrangement never varies, I was told.

"Do you have a gossip column in your paper?" I asked.

He looked shocked as he replied, "I wish you hadn't mentioned that. Yes, our paper, being somewhat progressive once started a gossip column. But we quickly gave it up. It made everybody angry. You see, it is impossible to write gossip without a woman being involved somewhere or

other, and to mention women in a gossip column is not good manners. It is better to be polite than to offend our readers."

Then he told me the story of one of the major headaches once suffered by his paper.

Some years ago there was at the Chinese Theater an actress who was very popular. She was young, charming, beautiful, and what was more important to the Chinese mind, she had complete mastery of her art. Nightly, crowds of Chinese flocked to the theater to applaud.

Then, to show some slight appreciation, the unmarried Chinese began writing poems in her praise. The poems were sent to the paper and, as the editor said, "unfortunately published." Competition grew keen. Poems by the score began to come into the newspaper office. Each poet tried to outdo his rivals. And obviously, rather than offend anyone, the paper had to publish every poem.

The whole affair was getting out of hand when the business manager was

called in for advice. He suggested that the pages of an entire issue be given over to nothing but poems about the actress, and for the best poem a cash prize would be given.

The competition was announced, and the date set. Then the poems were published—all in one issue, with an announcement that the name of the winner would be given tomorrow.

And it was. The name of every poet who had sent in a poem was published. It seemed the business manager, in his humble opinion, liked every poem submitted, and so gave first prize to every single poet. The cash award was therefore divided equally among all contestants. And since everyone had been praised in print as having written the best poem, why write any more?

"Yes," said the editor, "even a newspaper sometimes has to be diplomatic."

—Suggestion for further reading:

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DRAGON

by Carl Glick

\$2.50

Whittlesey House, New York

## ***How It Began***

**BLOOMERS:** Their inventor, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, showed a pair to a famous suffragette of the day (1849), Amelia J. Bloomer. So fascinated by the ankle length garments was Mrs. Bloomer, that she immediately sponsored them.

**BOYCOTT:** An English land agent named Charles G. Boycott collected high rents from Irish farmers who so protested against an increase that they didn't let him make purchases in town nor hire workers to harvest his crops.

**DERRICK:** A 17th century English hangman named Derrick hoisted to their death many notorious criminals.

—NORMAN LEWIS

*Odds are against their picking many winners this fall; but odds are in favor of 10 million Americans trying anyway—so that racketeers can cash*



## **Brokers in Touchdowns**

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE FOOTBALL betting pool is a seemingly war-proof \$250,000,000 international mania. At least 10,000,000 of your fellow Americans know it well—and know it to their considerable loss. Yet in spite of that, nearly every one of them is eagerly awaiting the emergence of this fall's pool cards.

The cards are very simple affairs. Every week during the college football season some 7 to 12 games are listed on them. You have to pick at least 3 winners out of 3 games selected; 4 out of 4; 5 out of 5, and so on right down to the never-never land of 12 out of 12 winners. Most pools won't accept bets under a quarter. Some are ready to accommodate you right up to \$1,000.

For your correct predictions the pools *seem* to pay off liberally—8 to 1 for picking 4 straight winners, for example. But since pool operators aren't in business to give Joe Sucker

an even break, no one is surprised or discouraged to learn that the proper odds for guessing 4 winners out of 4 games should really be 16 to 1. On the cards, 6 out of 6 winners usually pays off at 21 to 1 when the proper odds should be 64 to 1.

However, the pool operator isn't content just to chisel on the matter of proper odds. At the bottom of every pool card, in small type, he adds a line to the effect that "All teams picked must win," or sometimes more directly: "Ties lose unless picked." Very few people predict ties. There's something awfully negative about making such a choice.

And there's the rub.

At the track a dead heat is not considered a loss. But in the pools a tie is just about the whole, highly profitable basis of America's \$70,000,000 annual football card business. According to non-academic math

sharks, this matter of ties favoring the pool operator is an 18 per cent probability factor for him right off the bat. You'd be surprised at how many college grid games do end in deadlocks.

Some pool cards will even give you points on the underdog. You take the favorite and give, say, 14 points; or play the short end and get 14 points. Of course this point-giving is cleverly designed to make the two teams as even as possible, thus creating artificial ties.

In order to arrive at such organizational perfection, the Powers of the Pools have built up an unbelievably efficient undercover organization. The deadly guesswork of their well paid experts makes the weekly divinations of your favorite newspaper grid expert look awfully sick.

RECENTLY one of these sports experts, filled with grudging admiration, dubbed the organization "Ges-tapo of the Gridiron" and the name has stuck. This is the way it works:

Jimmy Miller is a spy for the outfit—at \$20 a week.

Shortly after noon on Mondays during the football season, Jimmy puts in a long distance call—collect—to Minneapolis.

As assistant manager of the football team, Jimmy learns a lot of inside stuff. For his weekly check the lad will tell his Minneapolis employer that the coach is privately expressing the hope that he won't lose the game by more than 14 points. Agent Miller will report that the star halfback is worried

sick because his girl has given him the gate; that an end's injured leg will not be healed by game time—in spite of contrary reports being carried by the papers.

Jimmy is also likely to report the team's approach to the game; whether any new and thus far secret plays are likely to be used; whether the coach has any intimations that he won't be reappointed next season. The coach's morale is an important item.

To these offices in Minneapolis have come dozens of similar reports from equally well-placed agents on different campuses throughout the country. Sometimes the "spy" is a former star who hangs around the squad; sometimes he's one of the trainers.

After all reports are filed a small, expert staff of statisticians and football wiseacres, mostly ex-sports reporters, go to work. Graphs, charts and records of previous seasons are scanned closely. Here are the factors taken into consideration:

Where is the game being played? (The home team has a 5 to 10 per cent advantage.) What manpower is available for the game? (The absence of a star back might mean as much as a 25 per cent handicap against that team.) What is the physical condition of the team? Do they think they can win? What's the coach's outlook? And, of course, there are the standbys of past performance and weather. All these enter into the final deliberations of these anonymous experts. In code, the final choices are wired to hundreds of football pool promoters, big and small, throughout the country.

Upon receipt of the telegram the pool operator—who pays anywhere from \$50 to \$300 for the precious dope, depending upon the size of the pool he runs—phones his printer and dictates the names of the teams that are to go on the pool cards for that week.

In May of this year representatives of the largest football syndicates are known to have gathered in a Chicago hotel suite to discuss the effects of a war-time economy on their lucrative enterprise.

One of the pool operators is an Ivy League University man who saw the possibilities of football betting cards while he was learning the ropes in a Wall Street brokerage house during the deadly dull days of 1932. For the past few years he has been averaging upwards of \$50,000 a year from his pool business. He terms himself a "broker" on alumni questionnaires. He's the only man in the lot who went beyond high school. The others include an ex-bootlegger, a watering resort gambling house operator, a former New York numbers racketeer, a slot machine distributor with priority woes and a marginal entrepreneur of no particular background.

At the gathering in Chicago the new, booming war production areas

were allotted. The problem of reaching the men in Army camps was settled satisfactorily, too.

These well-heeled gentry expect 1942 to be their all-out banner year. But since they are essentially hard-headed businessmen, they are also looking forward to the possibilities of suspension of college football after this season. The idea of using professional football games has occurred to them, and this season some of the cards may be carrying pro football games as a feeler.

Much can be said for these big shots of the pools. They are "honest" because they discovered long ago that the odds were so utterly and incredibly in their favor that they stood to clean up handsomely if there were enough initial capital to cover the rare "bad" weeks.

It's the fly-by-season pools that cause much teeth

gnashing on Monday mornings. After a rare Saturday in which a considerable number of amateur prophets have made good the small operator is likely to skip with boot, bag and boodle. But even if he's having a good season there's still larceny in his heart. Into his last card of the season he deliberately inserts at least six "easy" games. You can't miss.

But by Saturday morning the pool



## GANG WAY!

Here comes Li'l Abner Yokum —of the Dogpatch Yokums, you know. Just the Coronet way of celebrating Sadie Hawkins Day — with a full color gatefold and story along with it. Look for it — it's amoozin' but *not* confoosin'—

In the November Issue



promoter has cleared out his desk, and left for some other, happier part of the land. In 1938 some 700 Harvard students were fleeced of \$8,000 in this way. Only last year most of the Broadway-wise reporters of *Variety*, that irreverent bible of show business, were done out of nearly a thousand dollars.

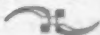
No one knows how many people play the pools during the gridiron season. Rough estimates and bases for estimation are available, however. In a 1941 survey, the Gallup Poll found that of an estimated adult population of 80,000,000 some 43,000,000 spent money in a game of chance. About a fifth of these people bet on elections and/or athletic events. So we have about 8 million here. In a similar poll made in 1938 it was found that some 10,000,000 men and women bought sweepstakes tickets. Since most of these, including the fabulous Irish pot luck, are out for the duration, it's reasonable to assume that many of these 10,000,000 are football pool bettors today. Even making liberal al-

lowances for overlapping, a huge number of pool participants emerges. The average probably bet on at least five cards during the season, and their usual bet is between 50 cents and \$1.

After serving on a jury of investigation into gambling in Chicago, Professor Ernest W. Burgess, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, declared that "gambling is inherent in human nature and therefore cannot be effectively suppressed . . . as a rule gambling is as legal to the average American as drinking."

If we accept these conclusions—and a large number of sociologists and police officials do—the only sensible approach to the football pool is to be found in Sweden. In 1936 the government took over the privately run, highly profitable pools. Today the Swedes get more than \$3,000,000 annually out of their popular and scrupulously honest pools. The money goes to the Swedish equivalent of our USO.

We might do much worse than emulate Sweden in this respect.



### **Lessons in Logic**

JAMES E. WATSON, former United States Senator from Indiana, was trying a lawsuit once, when his client became alarmed over the fact that the opposing side had two lawyers. "We oughta have another lawyer," the client whispered to Watson.

"Don't you think I'm doing all right?" asked Watson.

"You're doing as well as you can all alone," admitted the client. "But with their two lawyers, when one of them's talking, the other can be thinking. When you're talking *nobody* is doing any thinking for our side."

—FRED C. KELLY

## Carroll's Corner



*A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts*

### Coronets:

• • • To Dorothy Sayers because she is the most accomplished mystery writer of the day, guns down . . . to John Hersey's *Men of Bataan*, because it shows both face and obverse of the MacArthur medallion. Because it tells of soldiers in clean, hard soldier talk.

To *Food as a Weapon*, a war film from Canada. Because, once you see it you'll never look into your ice-box again without giving thanks. Nightmarish shot: on a farm in emaciated Greece, a white pig, just as skinny as a lizard . . . to Bob Hope, because he is a phenomenon of indefatigability. No performer in America gives more time to Army and Navy entertainment . . . None can match his vitality.

### Thorns:

• • • To the so-called "poetic" commentaries heard on war programs

and film commentaries. Mostly mixtures of phoney Whitman and synthetic Sandburg. Burma-Shave writes better poetry . . . to Garson Kanin's film *Ring of Steel*. Pretty postcard views of America the Beautiful do *not* make a documentary film . . . This one's as exciting as an evening with a stereopticon . . . to dramatic and opera stars who try to get *tres gai* as guest stars of radio comics . . . to radio comics who occasionally get dramatic.

### Military Intelligence:

• • • Already, every known aviation speed record has been knocked for a loop by the military planes of this war. New records are being made every day. But you won't know about them until after the War. For obvious reasons.

In World War No. 1 the British tried to train seals to track down

German submarines. Though it never worked, the British Admiralty may try again. The idea originally came from Professor Robert W. Wood of Johns Hopkins, great scientist and self-confessed great screwball.

The Commandos have a private motto: "V for Vengeance." Coming from the fact that many of the men in black are volunteers who lost wives, children and parents in the aerial blitz . . . In peace-time the British War Office used to receive 1,000 to 4,000 suggestions from civilians a year. In 1940, it received 34,540 suggestions.

### **Hollywood in a Hurry:**

. . . Hollywood Good Humor wagons play *Ballad for Americans* on their music boxes . . . Studio commissaries serve one pat of butter to a customer. On each pat is graven: *Remember Pearl Harbor* . . . A Hollywood director, now retired, has a mania for the macabre. In his swimming pool he keeps mummies and scarabs.

Hugh Herbert's living room has a fountain in the center. When Comedian Herbert receives guests, he sits on a throne . . . A Hollywood restaurant advertises "air-cooled hamburgers."

### **File and Forget:**

. . . The ash trees which supply the wood for big league baseball bats must be at least 100 years old . . . Question: Who brought the first Doberman Pinscher to America? Answer: Cole Porter . . . There are over

200 comic strip magazines on the stands today. There are over 50 sex comic magazines aimed primarily at the soldier trade . . . When the Bowdoin farm training school in New York ran short of cows, the students practiced their fundamentals on an improvised dummy—a rubber udder . . . Walter Mueller, a furrier from Des Moines, set himself a task, spent five years of spare time doing it. The task: tatting an American flag.

Win that bet: *Antidisestablishmentarianism* is not the longest word in the English language. There is no such thing as "the longest word in the English language." Start piling up the prefixes and suffixes and the sky's the limit. i.e. "*Antihyperpolysyllabicesquipedalianistically*" is a perfectly legitimate jawbreaker.

### **Quote-Unquote:**

¶ WILL ROGERS: "I am the only person that ever wrote on Russia that admits he don't know a thing about it. And on the other hand I know just as much about Russia as anybody that ever wrote about it."

¶ FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE: "Woman was God's second mistake."

¶ JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE: "We are afraid of old age, and afraid to attain it."

¶ KAHLIL GIBRAN: "We shall never understand each other until we reduce the language to seven words."

¶ T. HEWITT KEY: "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind."

¶ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: "Fish and visitors smell in three days."

*You've read, of course, about the Okies who went roaming. Now read about some wiser folks—the Okies who stayed home*



## ***These Little Okies Stayed Home***

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**Y**OU ALREADY KNOW the story of the Okies who went roaming. The horrors of their migrant destitution were vividly portrayed in *Grapes of Wrath*.

Now here is the story of the Okies who stayed home.

Some of them, it seems, are on the way up—lifting themselves up by their own bootstraps. You can see evidence of it in their supposedly barren hills—where pure-bred stock is replacing razorback hogs and scrub cattle, disease-free fruits and vegetables are edging out stunted produce, and industries adapted to the area are springing up like mushrooms.

Their guiding genius is a quarter-breed Indian cowboy who has gone in for education, and who can ride a bronco, lasso a steer, guide a plow, turn woodwork, shoe a horse, or teach history and Shakespeare with equal facility. His up-from-poverty

movement has begun to attract national attention.

Jay, Oklahoma, a village of 600 mixed whites and Indians, nestles in the Ozark foothills, in the northeast corner of the old Indian Territory. It is 20 miles off the railroad. A couple of good stone roads run through the town, with all sorts of side-trails leading off into the hills, where cabins and shanties and lean-tos are common, some housing eight or 10 children each. Around the village square, with its courthouse and jail, is a hodge-podge of storefronts, many with overhanging awnings.

One thing, however, sets this small community apart—its high school campus of numerous buildings, all swarming with youth. To be exact they number 750, which is just 150 more than the village population.

This is the village that 36-year-old, big-framed Jay B. Earp (pronounced

Arp) is rebuilding.

By the simple process of teaching boys and girls how to make a good living right in the hills instead of rushing off to the city, this ambitious part-Indian is working out the community's economic and social regeneration. In the process, the school has more than quintupled its enrollment in eight years and the faculty has increased from six to 32 teachers.

What's more, the conventional village high school has grown into seven buildings, six of which were erected by the boys themselves—even to quarrying the rock and sawing the trees into lumber. Incidentally, there isn't a dime of debt on either the town or the school for all the improvements.

Earp, who wears cowboy boots wherever he goes, is idolized by school youths, townspeople and farmers alike. Even Governor Leon C. Phillips, another of Earp's admirers, frequently takes a day off to visit in Jay.

Earp was born a poor boy in the hills. One of half a dozen youngsters who came tumbling along, he got just enough attention to keep him scratching. But he managed to grub out enough education to make him a country school teacher, and for nine years in a one-room school taught children the rudiments of history, grammar, arithmetic, spelling and reading. Today, nine busses range the territory, picking up students as far as 35 miles away, and taking them to Jay High School.

It was while teaching his country school that Earp formulated his grass-

roots philosophy: "Start early teaching these kids how to make their living right here. Season the vocational training with the usual studies—but tie the 3-R's in with what the children are doing with their hands."

The young superintendent believes in advanced education, and any who show an aptitude for higher studies are carefully nurtured along. As a result, colleges are always glad to get Earp's graduates. He knows, however, the mine run of students will stop at the end of high school, and so it is vocational training that gets the greatest emphasis. As for Earp himself, he got his bachelor's degree at Oklahoma's A. & M. College at Stillwater, and has also worked out enough credits for his M.A. Most of his teachers have their B.A. degrees and several are working on their Masters'.

The first thing the cowboy-teacher did when he struck Jay back in 1933 was to survey the community's educational needs. Then he called a town meeting.

"What do we need most in our schools?" he asked them. They voted for a commercial course. That was started. Then came a demand for shop work. A teacher was hired.

"Where is my room?" he asked.

"Plenty of room under those black-jack trees," the superintendent smiled. "Lumber will be here by noon. You and your boys can build your own."

They did. Business men contributed \$75 to buy lumber from a nearby sawmill. The boys paid a "laboratory fee" of \$1 each to work on the struc-



ture. The building cost less than \$150.

In class, the boys began making all sorts of useful things for their homes. Doubletrees for the farm wagon or plow, an ironing board for mother (it is a tradition that every boy who has taken shopwork at Jay has made a folding ironing-board for his mother), a pig pen, a table out of boxes.

The NYA was enlisted and lent its aid to the expanding program. Progress was fast. And the result is a campus which contains auto repair and welding shops, dining hall, gymnasium, boys' dormitory, plus industrial arts, agriculture and home economics buildings. The boys made all the furniture, including tables, desks, arm-chairs, racks, book cases, stands and blackboards.

In the auto repair shops Earp's boys learn how to care for all makes of machines. They even keep the school busses in good running order. There's a blacksmith shop where they learn to shoe horses. Welding and building courses are also popular, and an airplane motor has been donated, so that many boys are learning the rudiments of aviation mechanics.

Boys studying agriculture get plenty of practical experience. They raise

their own chickens, breed their own pigs, and grow fruits, vegetables, berries and grains on the farm.

The story behind that farm, incidentally, is characteristic of Earp. He knew that agriculture must be the mainstay of the community—yet boys were either leaving the homesteads in disgust or were lackadaisically farming with a decrepit mule and an excuse for a plow. He realized, too, that such soil as there was had been tilled until it was almost exhausted.

So Earp sent a call to Oklahoma A. & M. for a man who knew his stuff and would revolutionize farming in that area. The man who came was a lean and lanky native, who had grown up in the hill country, loved it, believed in it. His name was Glenn Cochrane.

When it came to choosing rough, hilly land for the high school farm, some old-time mountaineers objected! "That hillside stuff? It ain't good for nuthin'. Look at it—full of rock, and where everything would wash."

But Cochrane was patient. "That's virgin soil among those stones," he explained. "It's as rich as can be, and those rocks help hold the moisture. Just look here," and he turned over a stone. The ground was wet.





Earp took full responsibility for Cochrane's decision, and they went to the owner to make the purchase.

It took a check for just \$58.50 from the Jay Booster Club—Earp had organized it to give the community program an assist—to pay for the 117 acres selected. Covered by stumps and scraggly trees, the land was stony and rough; it seemed like a holdup even at that price.

Undaunted, the teacher and a bunch of boys cleared off the underbrush and plowed around the stumps. They put out several hundred fruit trees and thousands of berry bushes.

Just to test the rocky soil, they intensively cultivated one-quarter of an acre last summer. First they put in potatoes. The yield was 60 bushels. They followed that up with green beans and got 34 bushels. Lastly, they sowed turnips—and got six tons! From the entire patch they gathered enough "garden sass" for the girls to can 5,000 quarts and to provide all the vegetables needed for school lunches during the winter, when 500 boys and girls were served daily, most of them free. Those who could afford it chipped in a nickel a meal.

With the high school experiment as an example, Okies round about are

learning they can make a good living right where they are. And Cochrane is teaching them—at their own request.

Twice a week he goes to a barn or a school-house, meets 15 or 20 owners or tenants and tells them how they can make their land pay.

COMMUNITY and school are more closely allied in Jay than in most areas. Ninety-five per cent of the teachers grew up within 15 miles of the town, and it's home to them. Further, each teacher must visit in the homes of all pupils at least twice a year—to discuss with parents the best program of study for each boy and girl. Superintendent Earp himself knows each pupil by first name, talks with each at least once during the school year. Then he follows up by letter after graduation.

The community owns the school and knows it. Any citizen can make use of its shops and tools to repair or build anything he likes. The school is also used for elections and banquets.

Probably no school in America is any more advanced in its methods of teaching than Jay. The history class has no textbook; instead the class appoints committees to research textbooks and to report on them. They

also bring in outside speakers. The biology class studies health in its own community and hears reports by fellow students on vaccination, vitamins, pure food and drugs.

The success of Earp's campaign is showing itself in the homes and farms, as well as in the village. In homes where there are 10 or 12 living in two or three rooms, girls are insisting on cleanliness, flowers on the stand, balanced meals.

Their mothers have perked up in appearance, too. Many a woman who has known only a mother hubbard, old shoes and a sunbonnet for apparel now finds herself with a real hair-do and fitted clothing.

Boys rehang windows and doors, fix up cabins and sheds, and agitate for presentable, comfortable homes. They insist on better farming meth-

ods, which bring in more money and make possible greater improvements. Results are visible throughout the countryside. Desolate, poverty-stricken places are gradually giving way to trim farms.

And with poverty being conquered, culture has come to the fore in Jay. Music is the great outlet in the school. A band, an orchestra, a glee club, boys' and girls' quartets—all are fostered by Earp and his teachers. Art classes, nature-study jaunts, literary societies also are fitted in.

A job first, to make a living—then cultural training, to enjoy life. Both are called for in Earp's philosophy.

I asked one old backwoodsman what he thought of it all.

"We're sure goin' places," he answered. "And the funny thing is—we don't have to leave home to do it!"

## **Martha Sawyers**

One of the outstanding illustrators of Oriental life, Martha Sawyers might be called Pearl Buck's "artistic partner," for she has illustrated many of her stories. Interest in art and interest in the Orient have been two of the controlling factors of Miss Sawyers' life. At 16, she left Corsicana, Texas for New York, and there, she soon rose to prominence as an illustrator. Fascinated all her life by the Far East, a pilgrimage there made 1937 a banner year for her; she spent it traveling about the Orient, sketching, painting, making notes. Back in New York, when war clouds over China were growing thicker and blacker, she found herself the Far Eastern authority among illustrators. As soon as the Japs are cleared out of China forever, she's going back for a long stay. Her love for the Chinese is apparent in the brave faces at the right.

## **Floyd M. Davis**

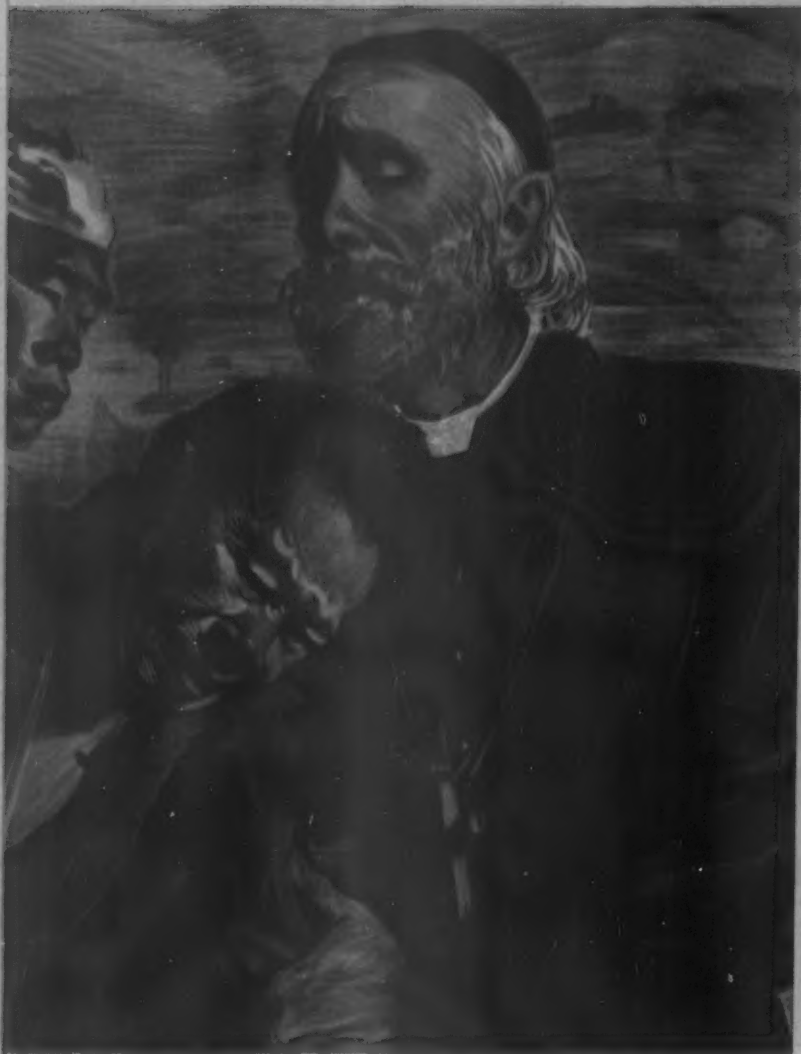
Top-flight illustrator Floyd M. Davis, presented for the first time to Coronet readers last month, never went to art school but learned to draw the hard way. He is noted for his versatility, his fine craftsmanship, his originality.



*The Spirit of New China by Martha Sawyer*

*An accompanying message from Pearl S. Buck, author of The Good Earth:*  
"The priest, receiving wounded soldiers and the peasants of China? I studied this picture for a long time. Yes, let this be a symbol of the friendship of American people for the Chinese. But the people of China have been killed by the million and wounded by the many million more. Can we assuage the wounds of millions? It is impossible. And yet when we

put out our hands with what we have, we do more than bind a wound—we make a gesture from the American heart and it reaches the Chinese heart. What we say then is, 'This gift is not enough, but let it say what we mean—that we honor the Chinese dead, that we admire the Chinese living, and that we people in America will never be satisfied until China and America stand side by side, equal allies in victory and in peace.'"



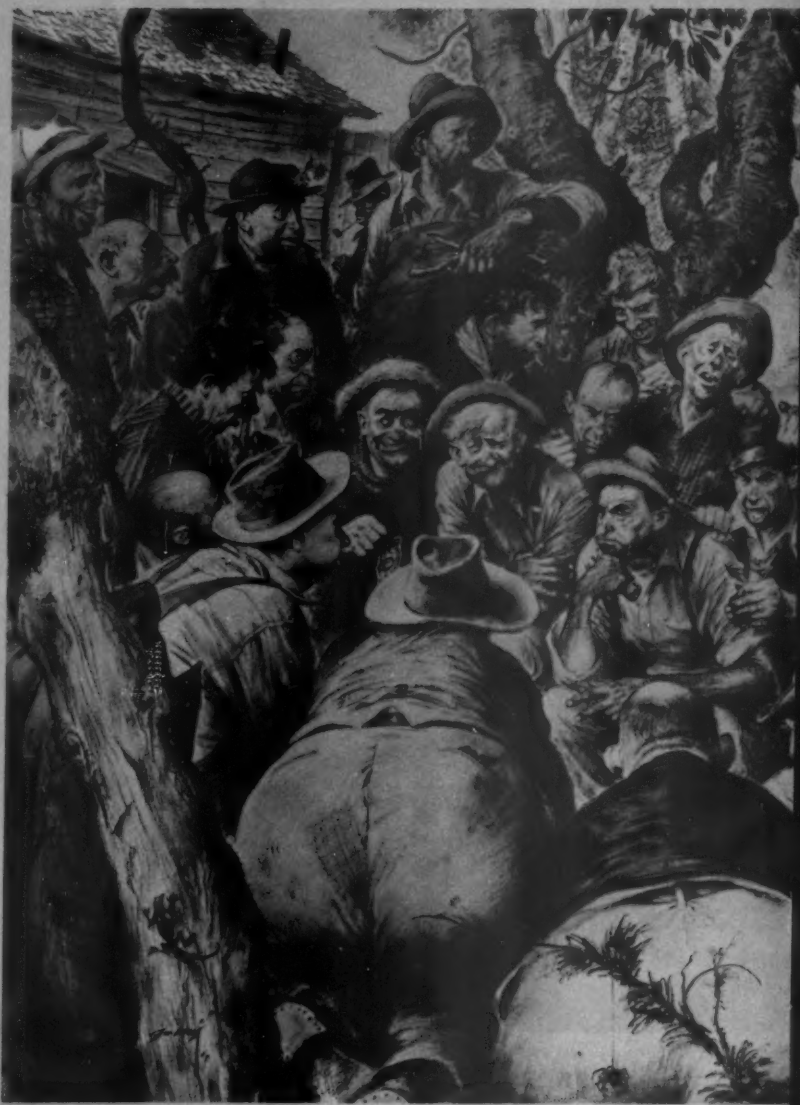
*ina by Martha Sawyers*

put out our hands with what we have, we do more than bind a wound—we make a gesture from the American heart and it reaches the Chinese heart. What we say then is, 'This gift is not enough, but let it say what we mean—that we honor the Chinese dead, that we admire the Chinese living, and that we people in America will never be satisfied until China and America stand side by side, equal allies in victory and in peace.'"









COPYRIGHT BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*The*



Copyright by THE KATZ MUSEUM & COMPANY

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

### *The Dice Game*

## *Gallery of Photographs*

### ***Contributors to This Issue:***

G. KARSHNER  
RAY ATKINSON  
JACK BAGNALL  
MARTIN HYMAN  
HAROLD M. LAMBERT  
E. L. CHAPIN  
ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ  
TED REESE  
GEORGE W. SEREBRYKOFF  
L. BERINGER  
A. F. SOZIO  
CY LA'TOUR  
ZUCCA  
JOE CLARK  
JACK HAND  
PAUL GARRISON



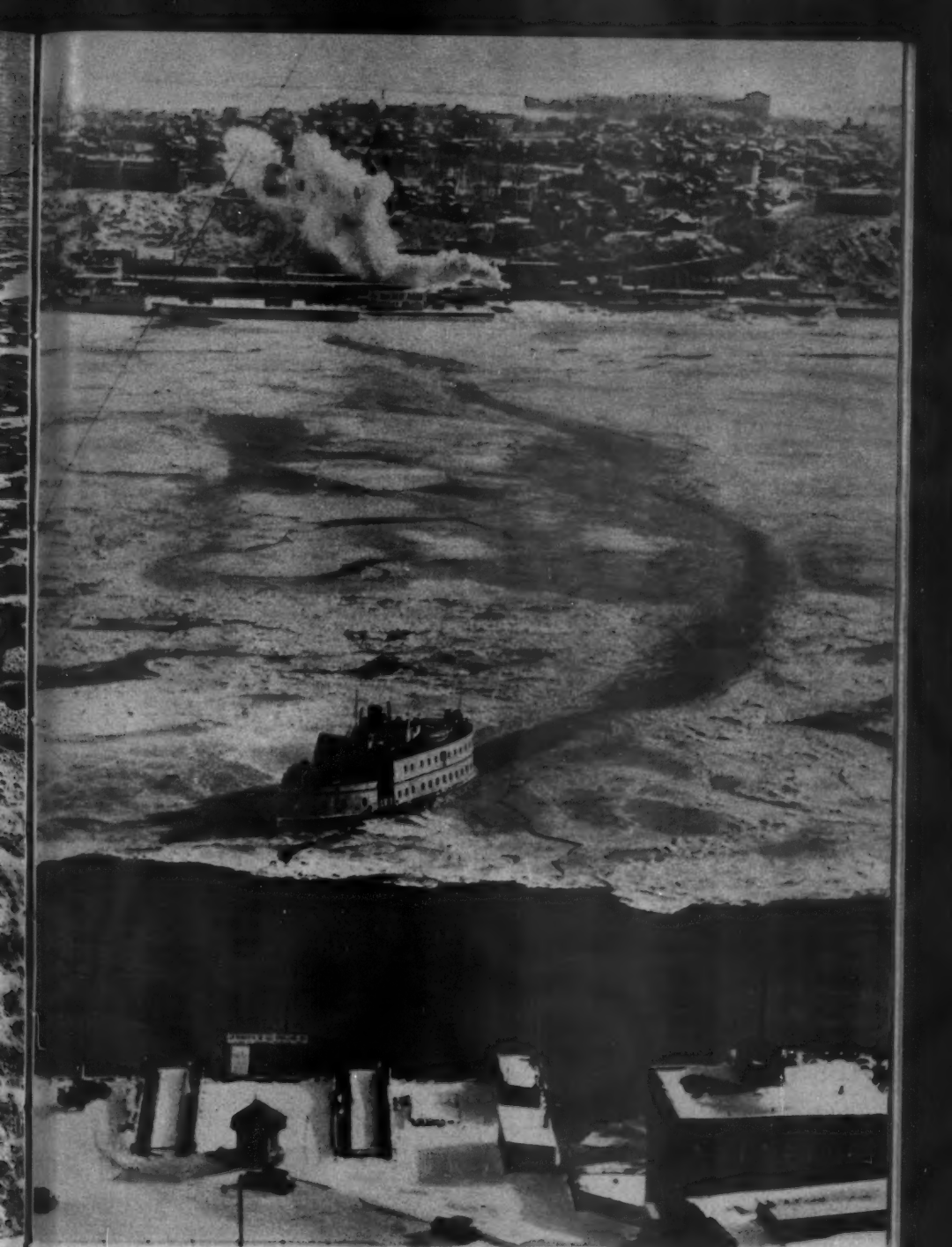




***Breaker's End***

RAY ATKESON, PORTLAND, OREGON

GEORGE



GEORGE W. SEREBRYKOFF, NEW YORK

*Ice-jammer*



**Muted Bubble**

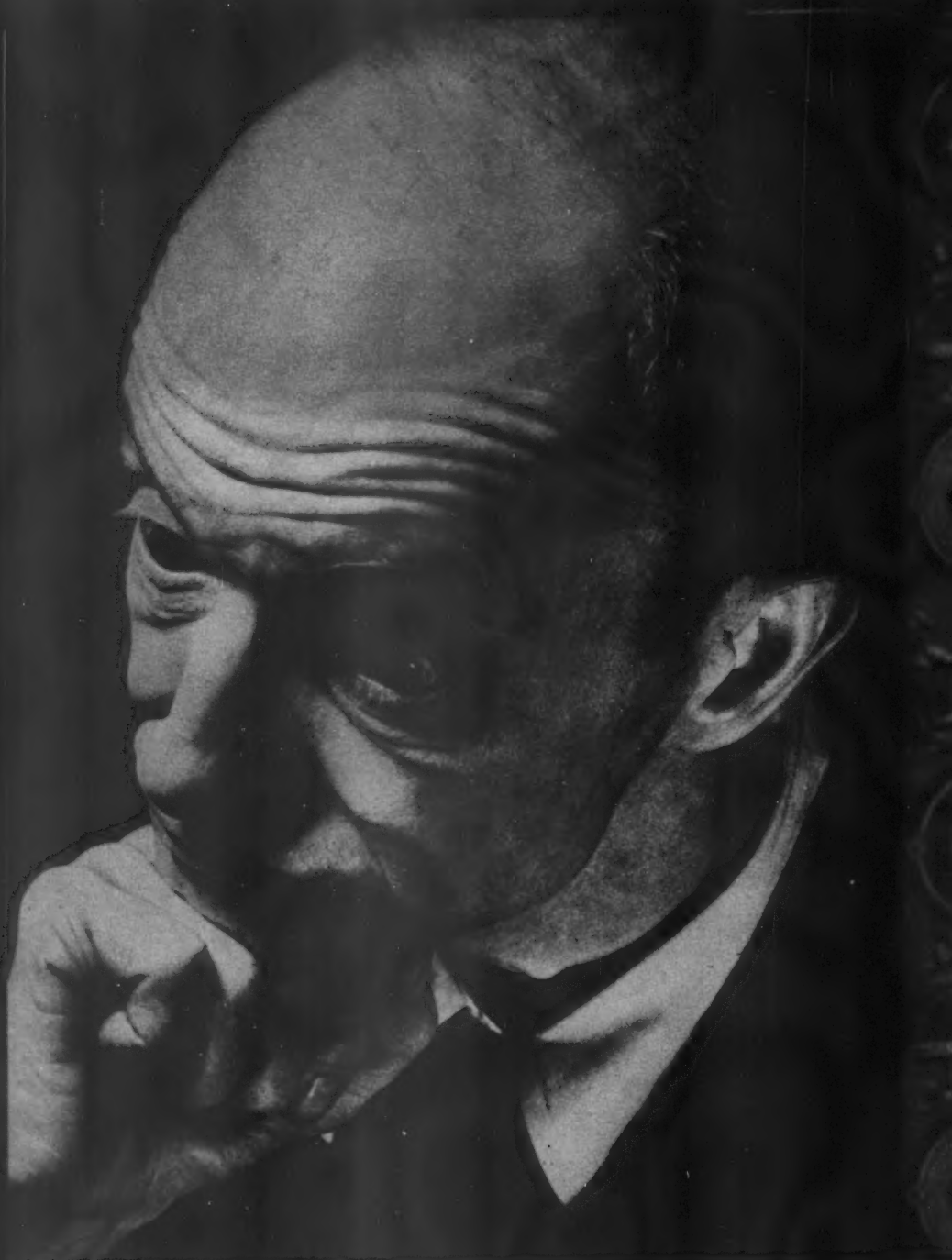
JACK BAGNALL, WALNUT PARK, CALIFORNIA

BRING



NIA BERINGER, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

*Top of the World*



***The Farrowed Brow***

MARTIN HYMAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 302







**Tipster**

HAROLD M. LAMBERT, FROM FREDERIC LEWIS

CY L



LEW  
CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

**Wooden Collar Worker**



**Take-Off**

E. L. CHAPIN, SUN VALLEY

E. L.



E. L. CHAPIN, SUN VALLEY

**Top-Flight**





**Sentry**

**ANDRE KERTESZ, NEW YORK**

**ZUGO**



ZUCCA, BERNE, SWITZERLAND

*Gloomy Sunday*



***Give Us This Day . . .***

**TED REESE, EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA JOE CLAY**



JOE CLARE, DETROIT

*Essential Industry*



***Playground of the Winds***

**RAY ATKESON, PORTLAND, OREGON**



PAUL GARRISON, NEW YORK

Painted Desert





**Painted Desert**







***Sleepy Lagoon***



*Slippy Lagoon*

JACK HAND, PHILADELPHIA

Want an eland or an antelope? A chimpanzee or panda? Manhattan's lone "wild animal dealer" can get them for you—if anyone can



## Jungle Drummer

by DON VAN METRE

WHEN THE United Artists' publicity big-wigs gathered to discuss a sales program for the film version of Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, they instantly agreed on a plan. They'd send Sabu, star of the picture, out on a personal appearance tour, selling War Savings Bonds.

There was just one hitch to this swell plan. Movie crowds associated Sabu with an elephant; they would need a pigmy elephant to appear with their native Indian boy. But where to get an elephant? Frantic wires to animal dealers brought only one answer. Only two pigmy elephants could be rented, and a guy in New York named Ruhe owned both. United Artists snapped at the deal Ruhe offered.

Heinz Bernard Ruhe is more than an elephant man, though. He is the lone listing under the heading of "wild animal dealer" in the latest

Manhattan telephone directory—and the only man in the country who can supply any animal to be found in Webster's Dictionary.

His offices in New York are on the 12th floor of the Roosevelt Building on Broadway, overlooking Union Square. There, young Ruhe, fourth generation scion of the Hanover, Germany, wild animal dynasty heads a two-million-dollar-a-year business.

If a vaudeville act wants to buy a seal and train it to play America on a set of horns, or if a carnival wants a kangaroo to step into the ring with "all comers," or if a zoo director wants a two-toed sloth—Heinz Ruhe is the man they see.

Under his shock of blond hair, the blue-eyed, 192-pounder stores all the facts worth knowing about the world's animals. Zoo directors turn to him for advice and current market prices. With a world at war bringing steady



price increases, he has continued to deliver the goods.

"Give me your orders," he tells zoo directors. "It may take a little time, remember, but I'll fill them. I don't manufacture animals. I sell them!"

Because his business is purely speculation from the time an animal is captured until it reaches the hands of the purchaser, the gambling spirit is commonplace in many of Ruhe's transactions. During the summer of 1939, a Texas sportsman called on Ruhe at his Broadway office. It seems the Texan owned a race track in Fort Worth, which needed a bolstering shot in the arm, and he had the idea of dressing a chimpanzee in jockey togs, putting him on a mount, and turning him loose on the track. In a moment of exuberance he even offered to match Ruhe for the chimp.

"Make it \$1,000 or nothing," the Texas sportsman said.

"Flip the coin," Ruhe agreed.

They matched and Ruhe won. The pay-off came nearly a year later. The sportsman's idea had not clicked, and he no longer wanted the chimp.

"For God's sake," he said to Ruhe, "take that would-be jockey off my hands. He's driving me crazy!"

Ruhe accommodated by trading him three pairs of flamingos for the chimp. Then three days later Ruhe resold the non-winning Tod Sloan to another amateur animal collector for \$650.

One of the oddities of Ruhe's business is the rental of snakes to stage and screen acts, and to professional

and amateur snake charmers—at so much a foot. One debutante who wanted to appear as Salome at a charity bazaar recently hired a boa constrictor at \$15 a yard. Her bill came to \$63.

"And she paid for the boa's dinner," Ruhe grins.

RUHE MISSED OUT on the biggest bulk gorilla deal in history, when he lost the sale of eight. They were brought over from West Africa in 1939 and sold by another dealer to leading zoos. Ruhe first backed the expedition, but a disagreement led to a business rupture, and Ruhe wound up without the gorillas, or the money.

He could have purchased Gargantua, Ringling Brothers' ill-tempered brute, but passed up the buy because of the disfiguring acid burns on Gargantua's face. Yet he has sold many gorillas. His most spectacular sale was in 1928 when he brought a female gorilla across the Atlantic on the Graf Zeppelin and delivered her to the Cincinnati Zoo. Susie was accompanied on the crossing by Louie, a chimpanzee, who went to the St. Louis Zoo, and 600 canaries which went to Macy's. Ruhe paid \$2,500 passage money on the animals, and the Cincinnati Zoo handed him \$5,000 for Susie alone.

This marked the start of his air transportation of animals. In the spring of 1936, he had 16 baby prong-horned antelopes flown to New York City from Pitchfork, Wyoming. Fourteen of the animals went to

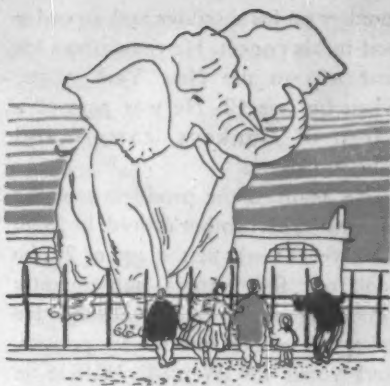
eastern zoos, and the other two were shipped to Europe on the ill-fated Hindenburg. He had been the first to ship animals on the Graf and wanted the same distinction with the Hindenburg. But the Luftschiffbau Zeppelin Corporation's information bureau wrote him that Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s Scotty was first.

Air is by no means the only way Ruhe ships animals. On one occasion he delivered two baby orang-outangs to the Columbus Zoo by Pullman. One of his trainers took the two "monks" in his compartment. Ruhe made special arrangements for their tickets, as animals are not allowed in Pullman cars. He got away with it by reserving a compartment. His trainer told the conductor, "My two friends are ill so don't disturb them."

UNTIL THE war started, Ruhe imported as many as 150,000 canaries a year for large department stores, mail order houses and wholesale bird dealers. Now, the war situation has thrown a crimp in the bird market, and no one knows when it will open up again. Ruhe's specialty, the Hartz Mountain canaries, are no longer available.

Ruhe goes in for exotic birds, too, and this led to what is reported as one of his strangest sales. The story goes that he sold Oscar of the Waldorf a pair of swans, presumably to cook. In the Middle Ages, according to the story, swans rated with peacocks as a delicacy. When questioned on this, however, Ruhe shrugs his shoulders:

"What's the difference? It made a



story, didn't it? Actually, the swans were for Oscar's estate. He's one of my best customers and buys animals all the time."

A pair of his white swans also helped Bergdorf Goodman's Fifth Avenue store glamorize their annual January sale by decorating an ultra-smart window background.

The war has definitely affected Ruhe's monkey market, too. But there was a time when Ruhe sold monkeys in job lots at the wholesale price of three for \$15. Last year he imported about 2,000 with most of them going to medical school research laboratories.

"There's one thing certain," he told a zoo director last winter. "The war is going to make it plenty tough on the organ grinder."

Ruhe was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1908. Since his early teens, he has been active in the business. The Ruhe letterhead claims to be the "Largest and Oldest Import House of Canaries and Exotic Birds."

He has literally grown up with a

monkey on his shoulder and an order pad in his pocket. He remembers his first trip to the New York office, when he was 12. He was part of a cargo of monkeys, camels and Siberian tigers.

He assumed the presidency of the firm when his brother retired, in 1928. Two years later, at the age of 21, he took out first papers, subsequently becoming a naturalized citizen. He takes an active interest in politics, and voted for Wendell Willkie in 1940. But since America's entry into the war, he says, he has forgotten party politics.

"Every one of us should stand with our President during this crisis. It's the job for all Americans," he says.

He's a fascinating figure—the top man in an unusual and exclusive fraternity. Most of the other dealers handle only limited numbers of wild animals, or specialize in imports from certain countries. Not so, with Ruhe. His firm has offices or agents in Germany, Holland, England, India, France, Sumatra, West Africa, South Africa, East Africa, Abyssinia, Mozambique, Nicaragua, British Guiana, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina and Australia—all important concentration points for big game.

To back up this far-flung organization, more than 20 trained specialists and veterinarians are employed in New York City alone, plus a complement of 12 traveling buyers.

Contrary to popular belief, zoos, not circuses, are the country's leading buyers of animals. Their annual cash

outlay is in the millions. While the Ruhe letterhead makes no mention of wild animals, when Ruhe used it last May to inform eastern zoo directors that a shipment of 40 chimpanzees had just arrived at his Long Island animal farm, 15 representatives of zoos visited his offices the following day. The first 12 to arrive snapped up the entire shipment—at an average price of \$350 each.

IN RECENT months Ruhe has been justifiably concerned about his business. Since the start of hostilities in 1939, Abyssinia, Siberia and Eastern Asia—all important sources for wild game and zoo exhibits—have become battle grounds where the capture and shipment of wild animals is now secondary. West and South Africa were open until December 8, 1941, but are now closed. The Dutch East Indies, now the scene of heavy fighting, was an important source for exotic birds, monkeys and reptiles. Thailand, Indo-China and Burma, all in the hands of the Nipponese, furnished jungle hunting grounds for elephants, orang-outangs and tigers. Singapore and Rangoon were spearheads for the concentration of the wild animals—large and small. Only South America still offers a variety of big game.

"One development of this war will be to stock United States zoos with animals of the Western Hemisphere from below the equator," Ruhe points out.

Before the war, up to 1938, Ruhe annually issued a catalogue listing

prices. Changes are so frequent this is now impractical. But he can still quote the following figures on hard-to-obtain animals: elephants, \$2500 to \$3000; rhinoceroses, \$4000 to \$6000; giraffes, \$6000 to \$7000; gorillas, \$3000 to \$4000; camels, \$800 to \$1000; hippopotamuses, \$2500 to \$3500; Siberian tigers, \$2000 to \$2500, and Bengal tigers, from \$750 to \$1250.

Since Heinz Ruhe has headed the firm, he has maintained an annual turnover of better than one million dollars, although his cash register bulged at several times that figure during his best year. The 10 top zoos in the country are his most important customers for wild animals but he doesn't neglect the smaller ones, nor the circuses and private collectors. Because of the high mortality of wild animals in captivity, the necessary replacements furnish a steady flow of business. Ruhe deals in highly perishable merchandise, but he has had remarkable success in keeping his animals alive. He makes every effort to get them aboard certain boats, where he knows the sailors are experienced in handling and feeding such strange bedfellows as giraffes, zebras, and hippopotamuses. So vessels carrying large shipments of Ruhe animals have been labeled "Ruhe's Arks" by Metropolitan reporters.

FOR A CENSUS of the big wild animals in the United States, it's not necessary to go farther than Ruhe. Here's a partial Ruhe census, made in about

15 minutes, with the aid of his 10 fingers and a scratch pad:

|                        |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| Elephants              | 180 |
| Giraffes               | 32  |
| Gorillas               | 19  |
| Zebras                 | 100 |
| Camels                 | 75  |
| Tigers                 | 150 |
| Rhinoceroses (Indian)  | 4   |
| Rhinoceroses (African) | 12  |
| Hippopotamuses         | 31  |
| Kangaroos              | 300 |
| Pythons (over 20 feet) | 38  |
| Pandas                 | 6   |

"I wouldn't even count the lions. They're too common," he says. "You can hardly give them away. The market is glutted because of the west coast lion farms. Why, I've seen lion cubs, born in American zoos, offered for \$60. Shelly in Philadelphia had one last fall, couldn't even get a bid, and finally presented it to the Harrisburg Zoo."

"The rarest animals in the United States," Ruhe answers the question everyone asks, "are the bongo and the okapi, both of which are in the

---

*Don Van Metre mixed college and cub reporting in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, his home town, which he left for real estate publicity in boomtime Florida until the bubble burst. Came New York City, a spell as a book salesman—and the depression. Out in California then, he sold just enough French fried goobers ("Nuts to You—as Fresh as the Name") to movie extras to keep the wolf from the door. Van Metre is doing nicely, now, in the circulation department of the Curtis Publishing Company. Allen Hardy, who collaborated with him on *Jungle Drummer*, is also with Curtis. Hardy, a Los Angeleño, is, as you might expect, an alumnus of the movie studios.*

Bronx zoo. Until 1938, the panda rated in this category."

Since then four have been brought in. Ruhe sold a giant panda to the St. Louis zoo in 1939, which was the third to be exhibited in the United States. He placed a value of \$6,000 on the specimen—a great deal less than was refused by Mrs. William H. Harkness, Jr., for the first panda to reach the United States.

The first panda, Su Lin, arrived in New York in December of 1936. The 10-pound baby was brought from a Chinese rhododendron jungle near Tibet by Mrs. Harkness, who carried it halfway around the world by train, plane and ship. Her asking price was \$20,000, but no one would meet the figure. When the panda was not snapped up immediately, possible buyers became skeptical. Su Lin finally was sold to Chicago's Brookfield Zoo for a reported \$7,000. She died one year later, but her "box office appeal" sent gate receipts at Brookfield to an all-time high.

"If the Harkness panda had sold at \$20,000," Ruhe says, "it would have topped the highest price ever paid for a single wild animal. To my knowledge, this was the \$10,000 paid by the New York Zoo for an Indian rhinoceros."

Ruhe finds the stocking of zoos for private collectors another important source of revenue. In 1932, he made his first sale of wild animals to young Candler of the Coca Cola Candler's. It was for \$9,000 worth of animals, including a herd of elephants. Candler gave the entire collection away

when neighbors complained to the Atlanta Police Department about the noise and smell of the animals.

Since then, Ruhe has sold animals to William Randolph Hearst, the publisher; to Milton Snaveley Hershey, the candy bar king; to Frank Phillips, the Oklahoma oil baron; and to W. W. Kellogg, the Battle Creek, Michigan, breakfast food manufacturer.

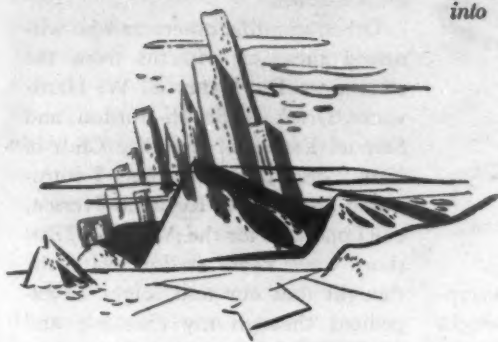
Besides selling animals, Ruhe also does a volume business in barter. He will swap animals if a zoo has what he wants. In 1938, he traded the Milwaukee Zoo two ant-eaters and a pair of chimpanzees for a pair of Big Horn sheep, which he sold to an European Zoo.

IN ZOOLOGICAL circles Ruhe's long list of firsts in jungle imports would make a zoo curator wince with envy. In 1925 he sold the first pair of snow leopards ever seen in this country to the St. Louis Zoo for \$2,500. He got \$2,800 from the Washington zoo when he brought over the first three saiga antelopes from the steppes of Russia in 1934. That same year, Dr. William C. Mann of the Washington zoo paid him \$2,000 for the first pair of Siberian ibex. And a year later the same zoo was his customer for the only Ethiopian giraffe gazelle ever imported alive.

"Sure, I sell nearly every kind of bird and beast," Ruhe admits, "but there are three I don't. These are the mongoose, parrot and parrakeet. They're banned from the United States."



*A famous Arctic explorer reports on the amazing results of his venture into the realm of mental telepathy*



## ***The Time I Tried Telepathy***

by SIR HUBERT WILKINS

*The wide open spaces are as nothing to Sir Hubert Wilkins, noted explorer—in fact, the wider and more open the space, the better he likes it. Commander of six Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, member of more than 10, he has been honored by most of the nations of the world, is a holder of the Military Cross of the British Empire and was knighted after his spectacular 1928 flight from Alaska to Europe across the Polar ice cap . . . called the greatest of all Arctic flights by men who should know—Byrd, Amundsen, Ellsworth, Nobile—great explorers all.*

**I**N OCTOBER, 1937, I prepared to set out for the Arctic, in search of the daring Russian flyers who had been forced down on an attempted flight from Moscow to the United States, via the North Pole and Alaska. At about the same time, Harold Sherman, whom I had casually known for several years, suggested that we do an experiment in mental telepathy.

Sherman proposed that I try to transmit my thoughts to him from wherever I might be in the Far North; he, in his study in New York, would record the impressions as he received them. As a student of telepathic communication, he believed that the distance between us of more than 3,000 miles would provide ideal test conditions.

There was also the possibility, of course, that I might be forced down and find my radio ineffective. In such a case, if our experiments met with any degree of success, his help would be invaluable. He felt that, under those circumstances, he might be able to give possible rescuers some knowledge of my whereabouts through telepathically receiving from me the figures of my latitude and longitude.

Fantastic? I thought not.

I had long pondered over the possibility of the civilized mind, after





determined exercise and development, responding at will to the thought influences of others. Here was an opportunity to throw some light on these little understood powers of the mind.

So it was, more for that reason than any other, I consented to take part in the experiment.

WE AGREED THAT, immediately upon my departure for the Arctic, Sherman would commence sitting on regular schedule, three nights a week, from eleven-thirty to midnight, Eastern Standard Time, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and assume a state of mental receptivity. I, wherever I might be, would attempt to project thought impressions of what was happening to me.

Arrangements were soon made for Sherman to mail Dr. Gardner Murphy, then head of the Parapsychology Department of Columbia University, copies of the telepathic recordings as soon as they were made. The reports thus would be out of Sherman's hands and on file long before he could have determined from me by any mechanical means, such as air mail or short

wave radio, the facts he had sensed and set down.

Other scientific observers who witnessed these experiments from the start were Dr. Henry S. W. Hardwicke, Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon, and Samuel Emery of the City Club of New York. Before leaving, I introduced Sherman to Reginald Iversen, chief operator for the *New York Times* short wave radio station, with the thought that our tests might be expedited through my checking and confirming his recorded impressions as Iversen contacted me each night on expedition matters. But as it turned out, because of the bad magnetic and sun spot conditions which prevailed during the entire five months of my search in the Far North, Iversen was able to reach me only 13 times by radio. And when the experiments were completed, he attested that Sherman had a more accurate telepathic knowledge of what was happening to me in the Arctic than he (Iversen) was able to gain in his ineffective attempts to keep in touch by short wave radio.

Many nights I was unable to keep my appointments with Sherman, but he and I were both surprised to note that his mental impressions of what had happened to me maintained a high percentage of accuracy. It soon became evident that Sherman, in some manner not understood by us, was picking up quite a number of thought forms—strong thoughts emitted by me during the day—and some of which I would, if I had had time, have tried to pass on to him at our regularly scheduled periods.

As a substitute for my inability to keep many of these appointments, I decided to direct my thoughts to Sherman at any time of the day when I would think of it, on the theory that the "thought form does not necessarily fade with its first *spread*, but keeps revolving in our atmosphere so that a sensitive mind may pick up the form some hours or even years after it has been emitted."

Our effort to locate the Russian flyers—Levanovsky and five companions—was, of course, our first concern. And though there were many who regarded us as romantic optimists, and pointed out the extraordinary dangers involved, I felt there was still hope.

THE ELAPSED time of four months since Levanovsky had last been heard from was comparatively short, and there was no real reason to believe that if he and his companions had landed safely they would not be still alive. They had set out with full rations for a period of eight weeks. Stretched, these might have lasted 12 weeks; eked out by food obtained by hunting seals, it might have enabled them to live for many years on the Arctic floe-ice, drifting with the pack, and perhaps covering many hundreds of miles before coming within sight of land.

That we eventually covered 44,000 Arctic air miles in an unsuccessful attempt to locate Levanovsky—under heart-breaking conditions of almost continuously bad weather—is now a part of the history of the expedition.



But the story of the telepathic experiments with Sherman remains to be told.

He kept faithfully to his schedule of recording impressions, week after week, when I was beyond the reach of air mail or short wave radio and could have no knowledge of whether he was receiving any thoughts from me, willed or unwilled, during these periods. I, of course, kept a careful diary and log of the expedition. Sherman air mailed copies of his recorded impressions to my last known outpost, such as Aklavik or Point Barrow, but I often did not have an opportunity to pick up this mail until many weeks later.

And when we finally were able to compare notes, what did we find? An amazing number of impressions recorded by Sherman of expedition happenings, and personal experiences, reactions and thoughts of mine. Too many of them were approximately correct and synchronized with the very day of the occurrences to have been "guesswork."

For instance, on Armistice Day, 1937, I attended a formal ball at

Regina, Saskatchewan, after having been forced down by snow and wind on the flight north. I remember being distressed about the borrowed dress suit I had to wear, for the waistcoat did not quite meet the trousers. Those at the ball included Army men, Northwest Mounted officers, and Provincial leaders, with their ladies.

That night Sherman recorded: *"You in company men in military attire—some women—evening dress—social occasion—important people present—much conversation—you appear to be in evening dress yourself."*

On the night of December 7, I was in the radio office at Point Barrow when the fire alarm sounded—a long and heavy ring on the telephone. I stepped to the window and looked out; an Eskimo's shack was on fire. The chimney blazed up and the roof caught, but the fire was soon put out. Some damage resulted, mostly from the efforts of the zealous firemen. It was pretty cold that night, with a light wind.

On this night, Sherman, 3,000 miles away in his study in New York, recorded: *"Don't know why, but I seem to see crackling fire shining out in darkness—get a definite fire impression as though house burning—you can see it from your location on ice—quite a crowd gathered around it—people running or hurrying toward flames—bitter cold—stiff breeze blowing."*

Allowing for the difference in time between us, as I was actually seeing the fire in the Far North, Sherman, tuned in on my mind, was seeing the same fire, in his consciousness, while

seated in his study in New York!

Two days later, on December 9, at Point Barrow, I gave a talk to school children and illustrated my remarks by drawing with a chalk on blackboard.

That night, Sherman's notes included: *"I see you, connection school, standing front of blackboard—chalk in hand—you give short talk, illustrating remarks."*

ON MARCH 14, 1938, we made one of our longest search flights, 2,650 miles over the Arctic Ocean and, all told, a distance of more than 3,000 miles.

Returning, thick fog and low cloud masses closed in, compelling us to fly blind. We had been out 19 hours; we had been up and busy for more than 30 hours, and we had gas for only about 45 minutes left. Pilot Herbert Hollick-Kenyon, at the controls, was tired, tired almost beyond further effort. He had a splitting headache, which made it practically impossible for him to receive radio messages from our base position in Aklavik, so he switched off the radio as being useless. We flew now on instruments, hoping to avoid the cloud-enshrouded mountain peaks as we came in from out over the sea ice.

Suddenly, through the billowing clouds, I saw the peaks of the mountain range flashing in the moonlight. The clouds were lower there, and at last we would be able to fix our position.

I picked up the radio receiver and heard the Aklavik report: "Still thick

fog—visibility less than a half mile.”

It was time for us to get down, or be forced down. We turned out toward the river mouth where the trees were low, and after what seemed ages, came upon a broad white mass between the trees. It was the river. With a quick banking turn, Kenyon swung the machine onto its course. I had hardly time to announce that we seemed to be on the right track when a glimmer of flares which our men had set up on the ice gave us a heart-throbbing thrill.

At full throttle Kenyon speeded over the lights, went into a steep climbing turn, and glided back and down along the beacons to a smooth landing. Our friends flocked about us. We had been out nearly 20 hours. When our gas tanks were checked next morning, we found that we had gasoline left for only about 30 more miles of flight!

But what had Sherman, thousands of miles away in New York, “received” telepathically in connection with this latest search effort?

Sherman, writing on the night of March 14, while we were still in flight, and when, on the homeward journey, I was able to think of him, recorded: “*There has been plane activity today, but tomorrow, Wednesday, seems to mark one of your greatest flights to*

*date.* [It would be Wednesday by the time we returned to Aklavik.] *Believe you discovered crack of framework in tail of fuselage which also needed repair.* [This, too, was correct.] *Seem to see you manipulating hand pump of some sort in flight—one of engines emitting black spouts of smoke—sharp detonations from the motor—uneven, choked sound—as though*

*some carburetor trouble—gas feed.”* [This was likewise correct. In changing over from one gas tank to another, I was late in switching on one occasion on the way home, and had to pump furiously to get up pressure before the engine stopped.]

The engines *did* sputter, cough and backfire before picking up speed. The whole episode was over in a few minutes, but the incident had occupied my full and intense thought as much as anything had that day.]

Sherman went on: “*Ice on plane—thin coating which you watch closely. See plane circling low over certain area—icy waste with several open stretches of water—impression 86-115 location.*”

It was at about that latitude and longitude that we flew low down over the ice to test our altimeter. Our turning point on the flight, after careful checking, was 86.50 north, 105 west . . . and 105 west is only 45 miles from 115 at that latitude.

From this it can be seen that, in

Coming Soon . . .

***How good a  
propagandist  
are you?***

**watch for this important  
series of tests**

this instance, had we been forced down, at that point, Sherman's recorded impressions of our location might have been of real aid in enabling rescuers to determine our whereabouts.

We may not have proved that telepathy between two people at some

distance apart is beyond doubt, and possible by arrangement, but I was personally pleased to have been engaged in the experiment, and feel that we have proved that the subject is entirely worthy of much further attention.

### Answers to Questions on Pages 76-78

1. *Kitty Foyle* by Christopher Morley; 2. *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll; 3. *Get Rich Quick Wallingford* by George R. Chester; 4. *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck; 5. *The Informer* (novel by Liam O'Flaherty, movie directed by John Ford); 6. *Trilby* by George du Maurier; 7. *Murders in the Rue Morgue* by Edgar Allan Poe; 8. *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier; 9. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Ernest Hemingway; 10. *You Can't Take It With You* by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.

11. *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens; 12. *Hamlet* by Shakespeare; 13. *Carmen* by Bizet; 14. *Les Miserables* by Victor Hugo; 15. *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens; 16. *Peter Pan* by James M. Barrie; 17. *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson; 18. *Babbitt* by Sinclair Lewis; 19. *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Dumas; 20. *Madame Butterfly* by Puccini.

21. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain; 22. *Rip van Winkle* by Washington Irving; 23. *The Gift of the Magi* by O. Henry; 24. *Pygmalion* by G. B. Shaw; 25. *The Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare; 26. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, translated by Edward Fitzgerald; 27. *Miss Thompson* (novel by W. Somerset Maugham) or *Rain* (play by John Colton and Clemence Randolph); 28. *An American Tragedy* by Theodore Dreiser; 29. *Lohengrin* by Wagner; 30. *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton.

31. *The Man Without a Country* by Edward Everett Hale; 32. *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens; 33. *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding; 34. *The Little Minister* by James M. Barrie; 35. *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift; 36. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain; 37. *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling; 38. *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë; 39. *Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens; 40. *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë.

41. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe; 42. *The Prisoner of Zenda* by Anthony Hope; 43. *The Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot; 44. *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne; 45. *The Taming of the Shrew* by Shakespeare; 46. *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas; 47. *A Farewell to Arms* by Ernest Hemingway; 48. *The Cask of Amontillado* by Edgar Allan Poe; 49. *Excelsior* by H. W. Longfellow; 50. *Kubla Khan* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



## Your Other Life



*The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • Rudyard Kipling was a life long sceptic. However, he was forced to admit that he had one inexplicable experience.

Kipling dreamed that, dressed in formal clothes, he was in a vast hall floored with rough jointed stone slabs. Around him were a crowd of men, also in formal attire. Across the hall was a similar group. Some sort of ceremony was in progress on Kipling's left, but he was unable to see it because of a fat man's stomach. At the close of the ceremony the two groups closed in, and as Kipling was walking forward, a man grasped his arm, saying, "I want a word with you."

Six weeks afterwards, Kipling was called upon to attend an official gathering, which he suddenly realized was the ceremony of his dream. There were the two lines of formally attired men, the slab floor, and the fat stomach which obstructed his view. As he

was pondering whether the matter could be explained by coincidence, the ceremony ended and the groups surged forward. Some one touched Kipling's arm, saying, "May I have a word with you?"

*—From Robert W. Brown,  
Rochester, New York.*



• • • One night in 1938, Fred S. Cook, a war correspondent, now a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, was stranded in a little Chinese village. Going to bed early, his sleep was plagued by vague and disturbing dreams.

Suddenly, his dreams took a more pleasant turn, becoming vivid and specific. He found himself lying on the beach at Waikiki. As he looked skywards, he was surprised to see a gigantic flight of planes roar in from the



sea. As the planes approached, he saw the insignia was the rising sun.

Still clad in his bathing suit, Cook ran toward Honolulu, shouting, "The Japs are coming!" Looking towards the harbor, he saw a battleship burning, other ships rocking from the impact of bombs. People refused to believe that the Japs would come.

Cook awoke suddenly and found that he was running down the street of the little Chinese village, surrounded by a crowd. An old man explained, "American dream bad. Yell loud. Wake up everybody." It was several minutes before Cook could force his mind to accept the fact that he was not in Hawaii.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, he suddenly remembered the scene in the dim village street, and the old Chinese saying "American dream bad."

—From Fred S. Cook,  
Toronto, Canada.



• • • On the way to visit her father in Louisville, Jennie Butler of Detroit dozed off. In a restless sleep she dreamed that the train was entering a station. From her window she could see a handcar with a coffin on it being wheeled along the platform.

As she watched, the lid of the coffin was slowly raised, and her father emerged and said, "Yes, I am dead."

Awakened by the dream, Miss Butler saw her train was entering the Cincinnati railway station. The stop was quite lengthy and so she walked

to a news stand to buy a Louisville paper. Opening it, she read how her father had been killed a few hours before in an automobile accident.

—From Jennie Butler,  
Detroit, Michigan.



• • • Once, while on a lecture tour, Will Rogers entered a small restaurant in Lima, Ohio, and ordered a plate of beans. He spent a few minutes joking about them with Elliott McCormick. McCormick was impressed by the peculiar drawling quality of Rogers' voice.

Years later, McCormick, then living in Anderson, Indiana, dreamed that he heard the same voice. He immediately identified it as that of Rogers.

"They say I'm dead," the voice said. There was a moment's hesitation, and then, "But if I'm dead—I'm the liveliest corpse you ever saw."

McCormick awakened. It was two a. m., August 16, 1935.

Twenty-four hours later he discovered that at the time of his dream a lone Eskimo was struggling to Point Barrow with the news that Will Rogers and Wiley Post lay dead in the wreckage of their plane.

—From Elliott McCormick,  
Chesterfield, Indiana.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

## *Portfolio of Personalities*

### **Top Men on the Menu**

A COUPLE of centuries ago, Samuel Johnson went so far as to say that nothing contrived by man has produced as much pleasure as a good inn.

The following pages are by way of tribute to some of those whose genius for hospitality has made them unique figures in the contemporary scene. A few have, themselves, traveled far from their native countries to the one of their choice.

Far more than Innkeepers, they are guardians of the true spirit of hearth and laden board; of good will and of that fellowship which has long been symbolized by the breaking of bread together.



## David Cowles

You need only to look at the picture to know why it is at the Penguin Club that David Cowles plays Falstaffian host. Proudly and publicly this corpulent socialite (Yale '17 and Wall Street till you know when) claims clanship with the sub-Arctic bird he unmistakably resembles.

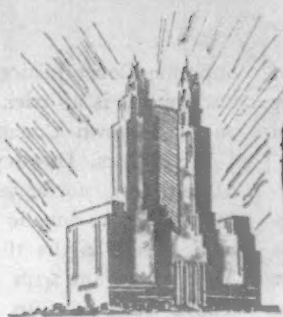
Surrounded by hundreds of miniature penguin replicas, Cowles has turned Cobina Wright, Senior's erstwhile New York house into an intimate bistro. Food, prepared according to recipes belonging to America's most indigo-blooded families, is of a quality to tempt the most exacting.

The governorship of the Atlantic Beach, Westchester Bath and Westchester Embassy Clubs behind him,

Mr. Cowles visited Hollywood. At sight of the 300-pound jovial gentleman, Warner Brothers conceived the notion that he would be perfect for the title role of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. When the moguls chose Monty Woolley, creator of the stage role, instead, David's spirits registered zero. A "sitting down part" was his dream of Thespian bliss. In fact, when he was offered the role of Hercules in a tuneful comedy based on the *Warrior's Husband*, Cowles uttered an emphatic "No." He had discovered that he would have to stand during the entire performance.

And that's how it happens that the man who nearly came to dinner is now serving it at the Penguin.





### **Oscar of the Waldorf**

When the first Waldorf hotel was but a blueprint on the architect's desk, Oscar Tschirky saw the manager-to-be and was appointed to his staff. The young man, only about 10 years removed from his native Switzerland, already had gained valuable experience, first as errand-runner for a pastry cook, then as bus boy and waiter in New York's Hoffman House and fabulous Delmonico's.

By the time Waldorf I opened in 1893, Oscar's reign had begun. During the half century since, this dean of hotel hosts has greeted every President since Cleveland. He wears the decorations of the late Albert I of Belgium, and of ex-King Carol.

Today his life centers in the New Waldorf, where he now lives. Early morning finds him in his office from which he issues orders to his vast army of devoted chefs and waiters. During the day he makes three tours of the hotel's many restaurants and bars. At five he dresses for dinner.

Woodcarving and occasional weekends at his small cottage on the Hudson are his relaxations.



## Clara May Downey

Clara May Downey is the owner and proprietor of that triumvirate of Olney Inns located in Maryland, Miami and Manhattan.

A southern girl with a mammy-patter, Mrs. Downey opened her career as a dollar-a-year woman on the Government Aircraft Board. Later she got the urge to set up shop for herself and, liking people and food, decided to bring the two together.

In 1925, sleuthing via T-model, she found Olney Farm on a Maryland hilltop. Opening day was unheralded except for a modest sign. Exactly two guests came. Today, on that same hill, adjoining Harold Ickes' farm, the vastly enlarged Inn caters to 90,000 guests a season. Often half the

Supreme Court Justices are there at once and it is no trick at all to pick out well-known Congressmen.

When Mrs. Downey opened her Miami Inn, northern visitors persuaded her to invade Yankee territory. Result is the three-story New York restaurant with pre-Civil War charm and delicious food (French with a Spanish accent).

First to use the motion picture as a means of training her staff, Mrs. Downey also has authored many articles and a book on the subject of management. She commuted between New York and her Maryland plantation where a teen-age daughter and small adopted son share her leisure-time love for books and music.





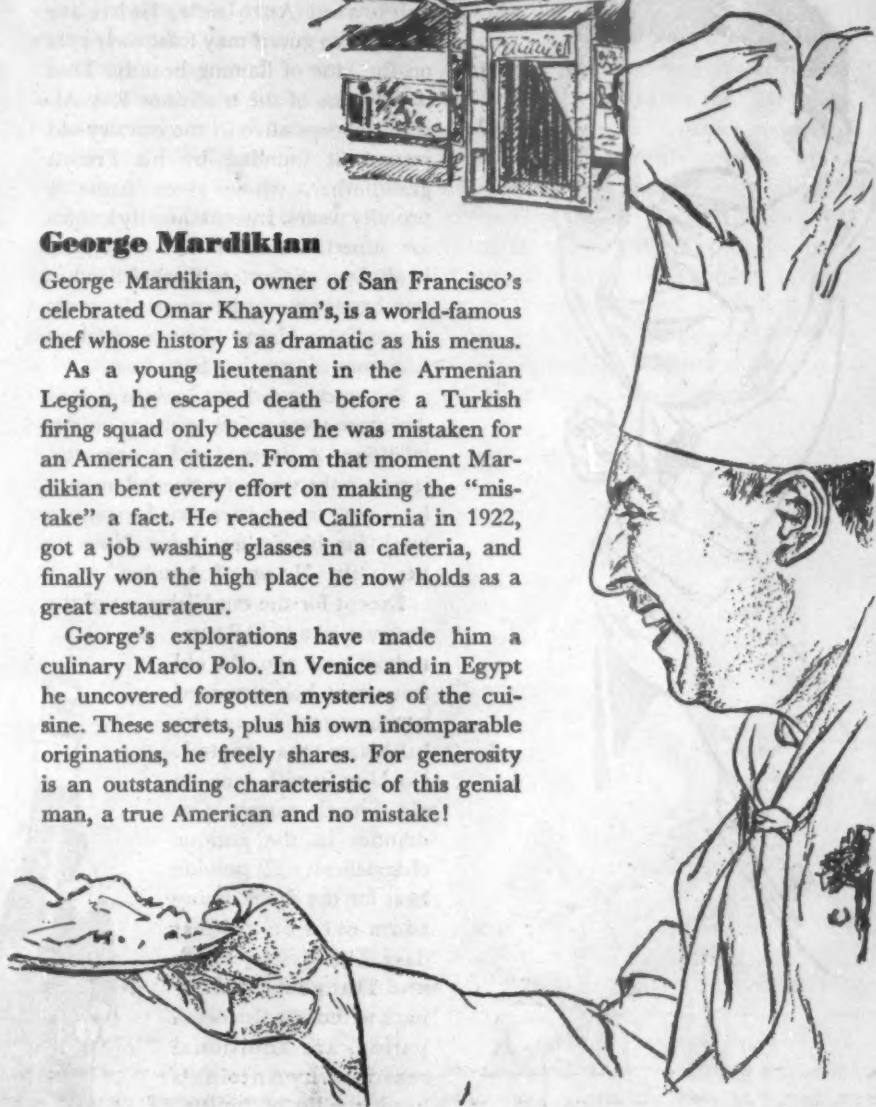


### George Mardikian

George Mardikian, owner of San Francisco's celebrated Omar Khayyam's, is a world-famous chef whose history is as dramatic as his menus.

As a young lieutenant in the Armenian Legion, he escaped death before a Turkish firing squad only because he was mistaken for an American citizen. From that moment Mardikian bent every effort on making the "mistake" a fact. He reached California in 1922, got a job washing glasses in a cafeteria, and finally won the high place he now holds as a great restaurateur.

George's explorations have made him a culinary Marco Polo. In Venice and in Egypt he uncovered forgotten mysteries of the cuisine. These secrets, plus his own incomparable originations, he freely shares. For generosity is an outstanding characteristic of this genial man, a true American and no mistake!







## Roy Alciatore

When Café Diabolique and Crepes Suzettes are served at New Orleans' celebrated Antoine's, lights are dimmed so guests may feast their eyes on the blue of flaming brandy. That is only one of the traditions Roy Alciatore keeps alive in the century-old restaurant founded by his French grandfather, whose given name it proudly wears. Internationally known for superlative food and wine, the birthplace of Oysters Rockefeller has numbered among its guests the great figures from Henry Clay on. And an Alciatore always has been host.

But once it did not look as if Roy Alciatore were going to carry on *that* tradition. A licensed radio operator, it was only when he needed money for a new transmitter that he went to work for his father, Jules. Now he heads the House of Antoine.

Except for the establishment of the museum-like 1840 Room, a short time ago, the old restaurant has remained unchanged since the building was erected. Cooking is still done on old French ranges. Gas mantles in the antique chandeliers still provide heat for the main dining room even on coldest days. The Mystery Room and Dungeon, dating back to the Spanish occupation, are additional reasons why Antoine's heads the list of "musts" for New Orleans visitors.



CORONET

## Ernest Byfield

Chicago's spectacular Pump Room is presided over by that amiable and gifted gentleman, Ernest Byfield. He says he began life as a Halloween afterthought, in early November of 1889. And it may be that the festival he so narrowly missed has somewhat conditioned his history.

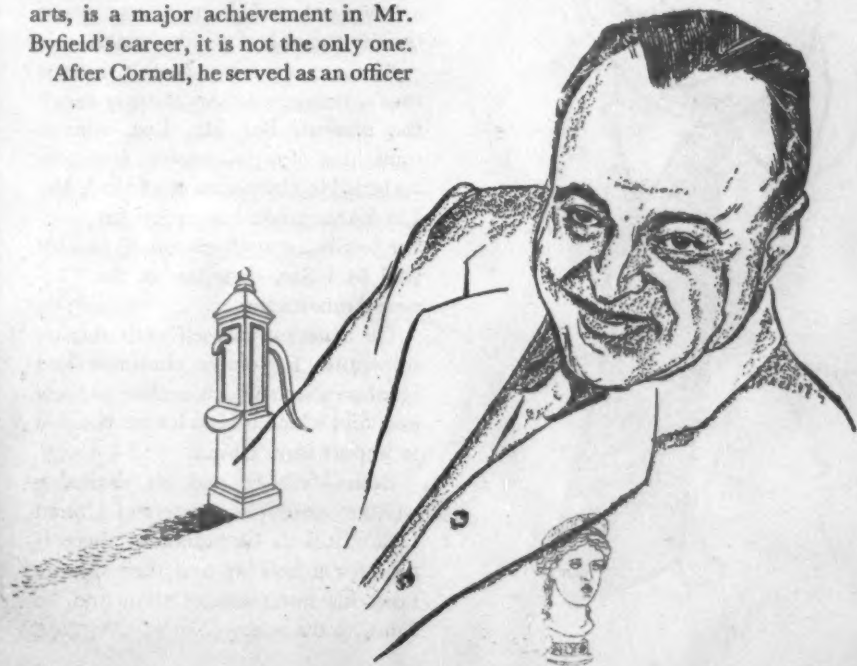
At the Pump Room, which Mr. Byfield named for the historic 18th century English rendezvous, food makes its appearance triumphantly borne on flaming swords or perambulates in heated wagons or on mounds of ice shaped in gay sculptural forms. White-plumed blackamoors serve coffee. But if the Pump Room, which is virtually awash with the illustrious of the dramatic, musical and writing arts, is a major achievement in Mr. Byfield's career, it is not the only one.

After Cornell, he served as an officer

in the Air Corps during World War I. Subsequently he aided in the operation of his father's several Chicago hotels.

With Frank Bering he is responsible for the Bal Tabarin; for the first ice-skating shows in the country and for Ben Bernie's celebrity nights; for the Century Club and the Pabst Casino at the Century of Progress. And currently for the Panther Room with its cavalcade of swing bands which bring youthful throngs to the College Inn.

Mr. Byfield has been married twice; once to a golf champion and once to a famous beauty. He is now single.





## George Lee

To those who know their chopsticks, George Lee is oriental host Number One. At Lee's Chinese Restaurant, founded by his father in 1896, in the heart of New York's Chinatown, he daily entertains representatives of our indomitable ally, who, along with our own countrymen, have discovered that nowhere this side of Canton—Mecca of Chinese gourmets—can you find finer food or hospitality.

A native New Yorker, young Mr. Lee practically commuted to China in order to train for the business he inherited 10 years ago. The busiest part of his long day is lunch time—11 to 2—when he serves his famous Yum Chah, or steamed pastries which, in combination with bowls of Chrysanthemum and Jasmine tea, make the most exotic of midday meals.

Blackout curtains at the restaurant's many windows sharply recall the present. But Mr. Lee, who is something of a philosopher, is unperturbed. He chats with his friend, Dr. Lin Yutang, come to enjoy his favorite Jow-bok-gup (fried squab) or with Mei Mei Sze, daughter of the Chinese Ambassador.

He concerns himself with finding substitutes for water chestnuts and bamboo shoots which decline to grow here and which it is no longer possible to import from China.

Both Mr. Lee and his charming wife are ardent supporters of United China Relief. Occasionally there is time for a holiday and then George takes his small sons, Calvin and Bo Lum, to the zoo.

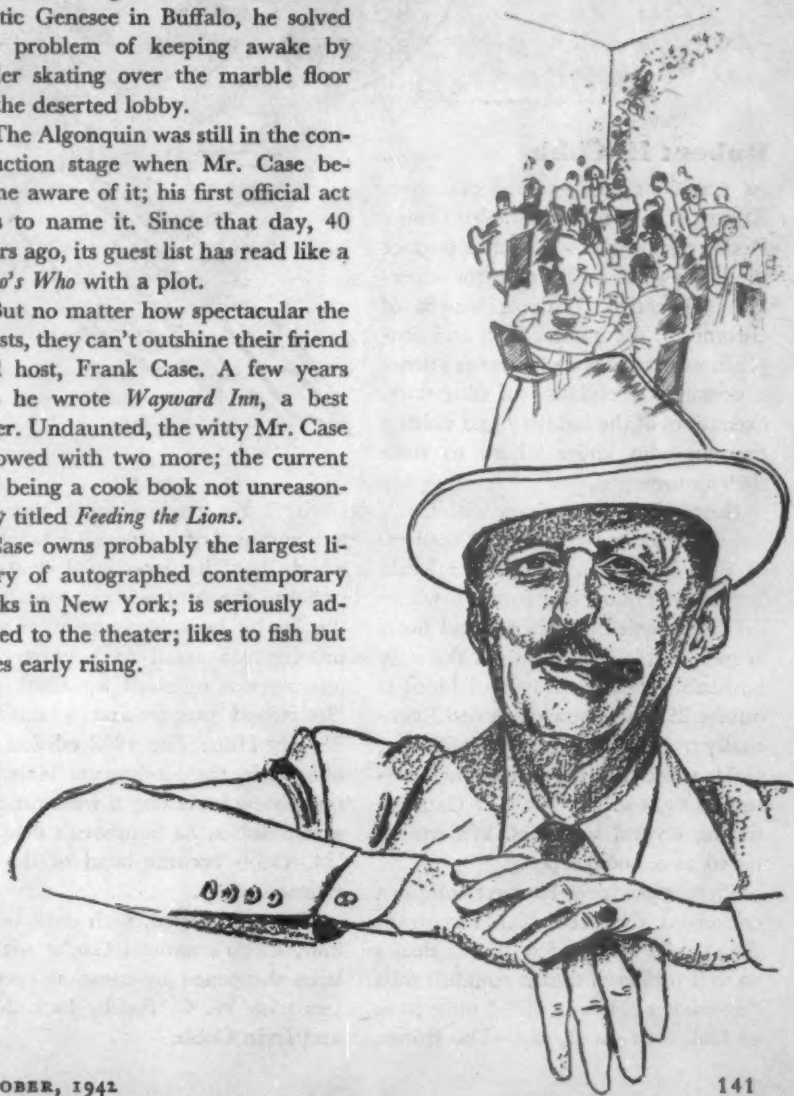
## Frank Case

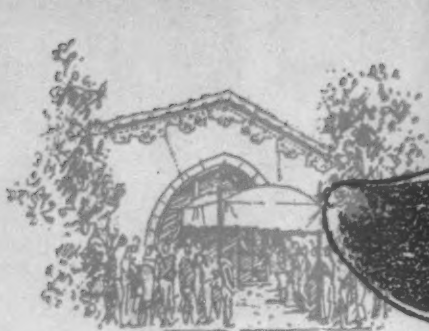
Frank Case, who owns and manages that New York haunt of the headlines—the Hotel Algonquin—launched on his career at the modest age of 19. Night clerk at the aristocratic Genesee in Buffalo, he solved the problem of keeping awake by roller skating over the marble floor of the deserted lobby.

The Algonquin was still in the construction stage when Mr. Case became aware of it; his first official act was to name it. Since that day, 40 years ago, its guest list has read like a *Who's Who* with a plot.

But no matter how spectacular the guests, they can't outshine their friend and host, Frank Case. A few years ago he wrote *Wayward Inn*, a best seller. Undaunted, the witty Mr. Case followed with two more; the current one being a cook book not unreasonably titled *Feeding the Lions*.

Case owns probably the largest library of autographed contemporary works in New York; is seriously addicted to the theater; likes to fish but hates early rising.





### **Robert H. Cobb**

As president and general manager, Robert H. Cobb has made his Brown Derby restaurants as much a part of the Hollywood tradition as the superlative adjective. Without benefit of chromium, the quality food and simple interiors of his four taverns attract a constant attendance of film stars, executives of the industry and visiting firemen who know where to stalk their autographs.

Hospitality is hereditary with Cobb (who is the great-great grand nephew of Ben Franklin), for in the Little Big Horn region of Montana where his father was both sheriff and hotel keeper, Bob's family owned the only bathtub in the County and hired it out for 25 cents—soap included. Eventually trailing his family to California, Cobb worked as barker on glass-bottomed sight-seeing boats at Catalina during several summers. Winters he toiled as a bookkeeper.

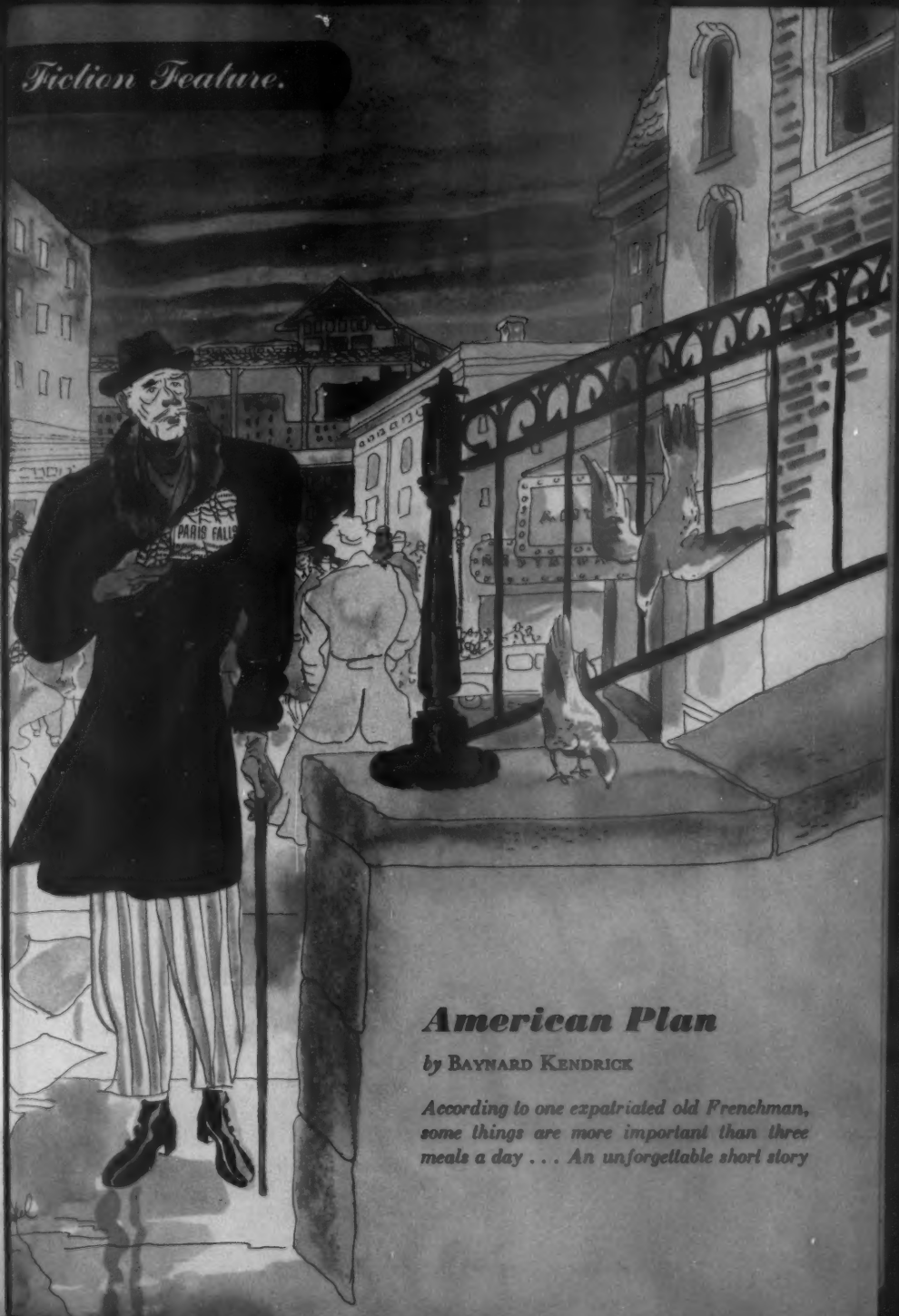
Picture producer Herbert Somborn conceived the idea of a restaurant that would serve a few simple dishes so well prepared that it couldn't miss "no matter if it was called something as foolish as—well, say—The Brown

Derby." He made Cobb major and minor domo of his de luxe snackery which lifted its hat-shaped structure opposite the Ambassador. Overnight the Derby became a sensation and, proving too small to hold its customers, was followed by another in Hollywood proper and a third in Beverly Hills. The 1942 edition just opened in the Hollywood Hills, the menu now including a wide range of exotic dishes. At Somborn's death in '34, Cobb became head of the restaurant group.

Tall, hazel-eyed, with dark brown hair, Cobb's natural Gaelic wit has been sharpened by constant encounters with W. C. Fields, Jack Benny and Irvin Cobb.



*Fiction Feature.*



## ***American Plan***

by BAYNARD KENDRICK

*According to one expatriated old Frenchman, some things are more important than three meals a day . . . An unforgettable short story*





INTER-OFFICE MEMO:

*New York, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1942*

FROM: Main Office

Leach-Carter Hotels, Inc.

TO: Arthur Cummings, Mgr.  
St. Andrew Hotel, Bklyn.

RE: Louis Navarre (Room 4229)

This guest has been more or less delinquent in his payments for some months past and caution is advised. He is now two weeks in arrears.

(Signed) Leach,  
Credit Manager  
Leach-Carter Chain

**M**ONSIEUR LOUIS NAVARRE stood at his window high in the tower of the St. Andrew Hotel and tried to decipher the panorama of miniature ships dotting New York harbor far below. A swirling fog, stirred by a chill January wind, played a quiet

game of quoits with the slim shaft of the gigantic Brooklyn hotel and cut off his view.

M. Navarre, his gaunt frame draped only in black pajamas, felt the piercing thrust of the icy fog rings around his ancient bones. For an instant he raised his head like some great hoary bird blinking defiance from its eyrie. Tendrils of mist reached in to touch his whitened hair. M. Navarre shivered, closed the window, turned away.

Eleven years of continued occupancy had breathed comfort into his boxlike room. He dressed slowly, shaving his hollow cheeks with care, trimming his white mustache to bristling regularity, flecking specks of dust from the patent leather of his high-top buttoned shoes. The shoes, his best, were ill-suited to the weather outside. M. Navarre studied them quizzically and finally slipped them on. The soles of the others hung in the closet shoe rack were something more than thin.

He was dressed when the maid knocked. Half past eight. M. Navarre, grooved in years of habit, walked to the dresser to confirm the time before remembering that his watch was gone. So many things had gone. Temporarily, of course, like the banks of France, custodians of his vanished modest income.

M. Navarre hung his rusting overcoat on his arm, secured his hat and cane and let the maid in.

"B'jour, Mademoiselle Minnie."

"Good morning, Monsieur Navarre."

Her air was as friendly as ever. He had helped her once five years before

when her sister was ill. She chatted for a moment as she began her work, and relieved, he strode off down the hall. In France, the servants would have known that two weeks' unpaid rent stood like a great black blot on the proud name of Louis Navarre.

His fierce blue eyes were kindly as he stopped at a door farther along the hall. A voice said, "Entrez," in response to the tap of his cane. A thousand lines creased the round face of the dumpy little woman inside at the sight of M. Navarre.

"B'jour, monsieur." Her smile spoke deep anxiety.

M. Navarre bent and touched his white mustache to her wrinkled hand. "Your servant, Madame Duval."

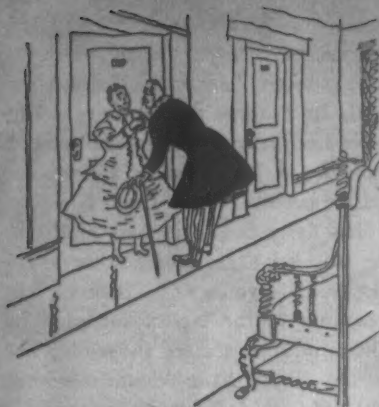
"My friend," she corrected. The smoothness of her French was rippled with concern. "You have news this morning from your connections in Paris? News of my boy?"

"I haven't been down to the desk yet. But I beg of you, Madame, do not worry. We will hear today. There are difficulties to overcome in occupied France . . ."

"I blame myself for escaping." She

---

*The first American to enlist on this side of the Atlantic at the time of the World War, Baynard H. Kendrick served with the Canadians throughout. Born in Philadelphia, schooled in Maryland, he hied himself to Detroit, learning about automobiles as a motor assembler. From time to time, he's been, of all things, a professional bridge player, editor of two trade magazines, real estate broker, manager of a New York hotel chain. Today he lives in Florida, writes mystery tales. One of them will soon be produced by MGM.*



touched his arm with a trembling hand. "I deserted my boy. Now I must make the so long journey to California alone."

"You would have caused him only misery had you stayed in France. The Nazis work skillfully on mothers and sons," M. Navarre glanced about the room. "Have you had your breakfast?"

"Non, monsieur. Sorrow and worry dull the appetite."

"On the contrary. Food dulls sorrow and worry," declared M. Navarre. "I will have your breakfast sent up to you."

"Monsieur . . ."

"Madame. Your son and mine were friends, n'est-ce pas? My son is dead—gloriously so for a France which will some day return. You will allow me the small compensation of advancing your necessities until funds are received from your son," M. Navarre said gallantly.

"My daughter awaits me in California and she has so little, monsieur.

Maurice will send the money, I am sure of it."

"Yes, I know," said M. Navarre gently.

Lost in the complexities of a world at war, he nodded abstractedly in response to the usual morning greeting from the elevator boy. M. Navarre was a man of honor. Plunged into a life of subterfuge, he sensed within him a subtle unpleasant change in the atmosphere of the St. Andrew Hotel. Americans were astute. From the suave, grey-eyed manager, Mr. Cummings, down to the humblest servant, they all must have realized that Louis Navarre was no longer a desirable guest.

Each week for the past six months the fourteen dollars for his tower room had become increasingly difficult to pay. Day by day he had watched his savings account, built from frugal management of his income, diminish. Now, like the income, it was gone. It was not enough that Hitler rob him of his country and his son—the plunderer must add the insult of attacking the integrity of Louis Navarre.

Subterfuge, indeed! He had been reduced to living a lie, smiling falsely at the friendly officials of the hotel which housed him; brazenly deceiving a woman who trusted him. Yet for the life of him he could not face the task of telling Madame that her son was also dead, that no funds would ever arrive from France to aid the mother of Maurice Duval.

The desk clerk, busy at his ledger, looked up and smiled. "Good morn-

ing." He took a long white envelope from the multiple-holed key rack and handed it to M. Navarre.

"Thank you," said M. Navarre. His long forefinger ripped the flap, and for a single dragging second he stared at the totaled bill.

"Funds have been delayed from France, monsieur," he said in answer to the clerk's unspoken query. "I'm expecting a draft at my bank this morning. You may tell Monsieur Cummings with assurance that my account will be settled today."

"We're not worried, Monsieur Navarre."

"You are kindness itself." He felt that the clerk was watching with speculation as he crossed the lobby to the coffee shop.

Inside the shop the air was warm. Steam rose slowly from shining urns. M. Navarre's thin nostrils quivered.

"I have had my breakfast," he told the waitress who greeted him. "You will send a tray upstairs, non? Eggs, toast and coffee." He gave the room number of Madame Duval.

The waitress laughed as she made out the check. "A romance, Mr. Navarre?"

"Who knows?" monsieur said slyly. He signed the check and placed a quarter on it. After all, millions of his countrymen were suffering from hunger.

The quarter tip had emptied his pockets, but the moment of repartee with a pretty girl had warmed him inside. Only the wit of the French could help the French. The smell of food had made him a trifle dizzy. Yet

what was dizziness to Louis Navarre who, three thousand miles from his homeland, was helping to maintain traditions of a nation which would never die?

INTER-HOTEL MEMO:

(ST. ANDREW HOTEL):  
Bklyn., Jan. 24, 1942

FROM: Coffee Shop Mgr.

TO: Arthur Cummings, Mgr.

RE: No. 4229—Navarre

For your information this guest for the past few days has been charging meals sent to No. 4246, Mrs. A. Duval, to his own account.

(Signed) Sterna

Mgr. Coffee Shop

BORN OF an urgent decision, there was springiness in M. Navarre's stride as he returned to his room. The maid had tidied up and gone. His wiry figure took on new dignity as he straightened and faced a drawn saber crossed with its sheath upon the wall. Beneath the saber, in a wooden frame



backed with black velvet, were two golden louis flanking a green ribbon with red stripes, a pendant Croix de guerre attached. The saber was an emblem passed down through generations. The louis and Croix de guerre were memories, the sole mementos sent him after his son's death. With scarcely a sign of hesitation he stood on tiptoe and unhooked the saber from the wall. As he sheathed it, the pale light from the window caught the blade and brought to life the fine script of a motto and the delicate chasing of a tiny plume, the white plume of Navarre.

The swirling fog had turned to a penetrating drizzle. Head down, M. Navarre let his thoughts turn back to Normandy in summer as he plodded along, shielding his newspaper-wrapped saber from the ravages of rain. The driving sleet won against his thoughts of summer. Blindly he began to fight it, struggling against a desolation which threatened to defeat him.

America was so immeasurably large, so overwhelmingly efficient. The aged belonged in the homey pensions of France where tiny coals of personal interest could warm them in their declining years. M. Navarre was sud-

denly afraid of his short remaining span of life, frightened by the impregnability of the only nation left in which he might find shelter and overawed by the stony impersonality of the vast St. Andrew Hotel.

There could be no sympathy, no understanding, in an edifice where life was but a number among 2600 rooms. His home was a home without an address—No. 4229. It was high in a tower, but its foundations were of shifting sand. France had passed on. His son was gone. Madame Duval had relatives in California, relatives who were poor, but willing to keep her if she could get there. Somehow he must arrange it, guard her against the inevitable day which faced him—the day when he tried his bedroom door and found it locked, the day when the universe would crash around the last of the Navarres and leave him standing in a hotel hall.

M. Navarre clutched his saber more tightly and turned into an antique shop near Borough Hall. Above the door, a bell tinkled. A thickset man with moist lips and shrewd dry eyes ambled toward him through the semi-gloom.

"I have a saber I wish to sell."

The proprietor's eyes moved from





the package to the overcoat of M. Navarre. "Swords are a dime a dozen, Professor, and no market—but let's see it anyhow." He stripped the wrappings, half drew the blade, and took the saber closer to a light at the rear of the store.

"How much do you want, Professor?"

"I refused ten thousand francs in France—many years ago when the franc was at par," said M. Navarre.

"You should have grabbed it, Professor."

"The hilt is inlaid with solid gold, monsieur."

"Where did you get it?" The proprietor took a tiny file from a shelf and scraped a gleaming dot of powder from the guard onto a small black stone. He touched the dot with acid and moistened his lips.

"It has been in the family for generations. I am Louis Navarre."

"I can give you fifty dollars for the gold."

"Monsieur . . ."

The proprietor returned the saber, shrugged and moved away.

Fifty dollars would be needed to get Madame Duval to California. Bills at the St. Andrew would take forty more.

"I would sacrifice it for a hundred dollars." M. Navarre paused helplessly at the door.

"I'm losing money, Professor, but I'll take a chance." The thickset man counted five twenties from a drawer.

"Monsieur is most generous." The saber was relinquished hilt first. Temporary defeat and not surrender digni-

fied the gesture of Louis Navarre.

Restaurants and lunch counters failed to tempt him on his return journey to the hotel. There was money in his pocket, but it represented only another bleak kilometer on a road to an unwelcome destination. One more landmark was passed, one more fiber severed, one more treasure gone.

HE FOUND but little pleasure in the false buoyancy of settling his account. His reinstatement would be impermanent. The next unavoidable fall from grace would only serve to further raise already elevated eyebrows in the St. Andrew Hotel.

"I am glad to say, Monsieur Cummings, that the draft I expected arrived at my bank this morning. I wish to settle my account in full."

"Thank you, Monsieur Navarre."

The manager's air was unconcerned, as though some trivial transaction had just been completed. Americans were always like that—warm on the surface when one paid them, underneath replete with unconcern. The French of M. Cummings was good for an American, pleasant to the heart of M. Navarre, but M. Cummings was not French, could never be French although he spoke the tongue.

"I trust I have caused you no inconvenience, Monsieur Cummings." M. Navarre watched him warily, the wariness of a man of honor guarding the good name of Navarre.

"Inconvenience?" Arthur Cummings laughed lightly. "How could you cause us inconvenience, monsieur? After all, you've been with us



for a very long time you know."

"A very long time indeed," repeated M. Navarre.

No, M. Cummings could never be French although he spoke the tongue. After eleven years, the proprietor of any French hotel would have seen the situation of M. Navarre. Payment would have been demanded, a friendly demand ending in much warmth and a heated harangue. Insults might even have been passed, mentions of pigs, insults stimulating to an honorable man. But the settlement would be received with equal warmth, with embraces on the cheek—a tribute to the honorableness of M. Navarre. No, M. Navarre could never cause inconvenience where there was only unconcern.

"There is another matter, Monsieur Cummings," he said quite formally. "I have received some money from connections in Paris for Madame Duval." His hesitation was slight. "Money sent by her son. I wish to settle her account and arrange for her transportation to Los Angeles, California."

Cummings called the porter and made neat figures on a pad. Blank incredulity masked the face of M. Navarre.

"The funds sent me, Monsieur Cummings, they are scarcely enough."

"This is the cost by train." Cummings looked up slowly. "Bus is cheaper."

"She is old, monsieur, and feeble. She has been through much. Perhaps—"

"Yes, Monsieur Navarre?"

"If part of my own account might wait without inconvenience. I am expecting other funds."

"You have been with us a long time, Monsieur Navarre . . ."

INTER-HOTEL MEMO:

(ST. ANDREW HOTEL)

Jan. 25, 1942

FROM: Housekeeping Dept.

TO: Mr. Arthur Cummings, Mgr.

RE: No. 4229 Mr. Navarre

Minnie Blanc, floor maid No. 72 (42nd floor) reports that the above guest is steadily removing articles of value from his room. Yesterday he took out a sword which has hung for many years on his wall. So far no clothing has been removed.

(Signed) Mrs. Alice Kenney  
Asst. Housekeeper

THERE WERE certain necessities exigent to a lady's departure in the school of M. Navarre. One must have certain tokens, else fine gallic traditions be shattered. As dress was prescribed, so was it mandatory to appear with proper periodicals, a current novel, a dainty sweet and flowers to perfume the journey when *adieu*s were made at the *Gare du Nord*. What difference if the world had changed—if Grand Central Station was far from the *Gare du Nord*? The touch of lips to hand could shield old eyes grown dim with worry.

"Through your connections in Paris, monsieur, you will thank my boy?"

"Through my connections, Madame Duval."

"You will send him love, monsieur,



from a mother."

"Rest assured, Madame Duval."

"Adieu, monsieur. God bless you!"

"Au revoir, Madame Duval."

Trains that moved with such smoothness they seemed to roll on wheels of rubber — not the puffy friendly trains of France. Trains that departed silently leaving one alone with one's connections in Paris, leaving one desolate in the vastness that was America; where one's home was as great and impersonal as a terminal where crowds milled on intent on the business of shopping, of trading, of industry, unconscious of the tarnished honor of Louis Navarre.

Restaurant on the Lower Level.

Restaurant on the Second Level.

Lunch counters on the Street Level.

If one were in Paris, one dined so cheaply and so well. There were many in Paris who knew of the integrity of Louis Navarre. *Petite Marmite* at L'Arc. Roast at Le Boeuf sur le Toit. *Fraises des bois* at L'Escargot—dainty red strawberries slightly sour and piquant. M. Navarre could savor them on his tongue. Two golden louis might buy such things for a night even in America if one were not tied by adherence to a code that was dead, if one lacked fatherly memories of one's son.

Deep in his soul he knew those golden louis, which hung in his room, would never go for food. Their destiny was marked. Certain things must be maintained, certain flames kept living. Without those flames the burning spirit of overrun France must die. On the day he departed from the St. Andrew Hotel, those coins which had been his son's would keep forever flying the white plume of Navarre.

#### INTER-OFFICE MEMO:

New York, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1942

FROM: Main Office

Leach-Carter Hotels, Inc.

TO: Arthur Cummings, Mgr.

St. Andrew Hotel, Bklyn.

Mr. Carter and I have been talking over the case of that old duck Navarre in 4229—the one you and I discussed over the phone. You'll have to use your own judgment, Arthur, and we'll okay any arrangement you make. He's in the hole again, but as you pointed out, we can't very well heave the hotel's oldest tenant out in the snow.

(Signed) Leach

Credit Manager

Leach-Carter Chain

LIFE CARRIES WITH IT a certain amount of license, to be used dis-

creetly, and a fair share of pleasure. Fine nuances distinguish the gentleman from the boor as any well-born Frenchman must know. There are rituals to be observed in season, rigid obligations to be met, binding as debts of the gaming tables, obligations to those who serve us; food to the destitute; alms to the poor.

"Good morning, Monsieur Navarre."

"B'jour, mon ami."

The elevator was descending unaccountably fast. M. Navarre was aware of a dizziness from the drop, a disagreeable malady which had never affected him before. He leaned weakly back in a corner until they reached the lobby floor. The details of the familiar lobby proved hazy. M. Navarre had often wished that it might have been smaller. Crossing it had ever been an ordeal, like a tiring trek through the open wastes bitter with driving snow. Its myriad lights merged together coldly in colored ribbons, a curious phenomenon he had failed to notice the night before.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Navarre. February has brought us filthy weather." Arthur Cummings smiled warmly from behind the desk.

"B'jour, Monsieur Cummings. The weather is bad indeed," said M. Navarre. He steadied himself with his long transparent hands on the edge of the marble counter, staring bravely at the gardenia in the manager's lapel. "And February brings deep regret, monsieur. After many years of your hospitality I am finally forced to go."

"You're leaving, Monsieur Na-

varre?" The manager's voice was low.

"I received a draft from my connections in Paris yesterday. It will settle my account in full. There may be no more, monsieur, due to the hazards of the war."

"We'll miss you, monsieur. After all these years, you're almost a part of the St. Andrew Hotel." Arthur Cummings coughed gently and a clerk behind him turned in surprise. "Do you wish to leave a forwarding address?"

M. Navarre hesitated. He was finding it difficult to think. Deception had ever been difficult for the house of Navarre. "My correspondents have been informed, monsieur. For the present I am going to California to accept, on a short visit, the hospitality of Madame Duval."

He counted out some crumpled bills on the counter. "This will, I believe, settle my account in full." On top of the tiny heap he placed two golden



louis. There were certain ingrained obligations to be met. "For the help, monsieur," he said steadily. "I lacked the time to get them changed. After eleven years of service, it is an altogether inadequate *pourboire*."

The lobby was growing alarmingly stuffy. M. Navarre steadied himself on his cane until he reached the street. There the great St. Andrew tottered and he was forced to lean against its granite wall.

INTER-HOTEL MEMO:  
(ST. ANDREW HOTEL)  
Feb. 1, 1942

FROM: House Physician  
TO: Cummings, Mgr.  
RE: Louis Navarre  
(Accident patient in 4229)

This guest collapsed from malnutrition, he didn't fall. The old fellow hasn't eaten since God knows when and there isn't a cent in his room. I'd advise getting in touch with organized charities. He needs good food and rest, that's all.

(Signed) A. R. Sturtevant, MD  
House Physician  
St. Andrew Hotel

I'm sending insurance report along.  
A. R. S.

"YOU FAIL to understand, Monsieur Cummings. I have no money to pay you." The tray of food on the bed rested heavily on the knees of M. Navarre.

"It is you who fail to understand," said Arthur Cummings gravely. "First, I had intended to beg you to honor me with your presence at an informal farewell dinner before you checked

out. You are our oldest guest. Surely you won't deny us that courtesy."

"A thousand pardons, monsieur." M. Navarre reached weakly for a spoon.

"Secondly, I find myself in a most embarrassing position. A regrettable error has been made, an unpardonable error. I am the one to ask a thousand pardons, a million pardons, Monsieur Navarre."

"An error?" M. Navarre regarded the manager keenly. With food in one's stomach forgiveness was easy for a gentleman and a Navarre. "Please go on, monsieur."

"A policy was formulated at the opening of this hotel, a policy to get business. You as a man of the world will understand, Monsieur Navarre. The management agreed that any guest who remained over five years in the St. Andrew would after that time receive his meals free of charge in our restaurant on the fifty-fourth floor." Cummings leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. "I came here after the hotel opened and unfortunately knew nothing of that policy. I heard of it by chance after you said you were checking out today. You are the only guest who has been here over five years without a break. The St. Andrew owes you six years' meals in our Harbor View Restaurant, Monsieur Navarre."

"No Frenchman of integrity profits by another's errors." Sleep and warmth and a sense of comfort were overpowering M. Navarre. The St. Andrew was vast, but his room of many years was home.

"No American of integrity fails to make amends for his errors," said Arthur Cummings. "The greatest discourtesy would be to fail to accept our honest efforts to right a wrong. We inadvertently owe you hundreds of dollars, Monsieur Navarre. We ask you to remain here as our guest permanently—provided, of course, it will cause you no inconvenience."

That was something the old man understood. His bristling mustache lifted in a smile. "How could you cause me inconvenience, Monsieur Cummings? After all I've been with you a very long time."

"A very long time indeed, monsieur," said Cummings, and closed his strong teeth tightly on his cigar. "May it be much longer—for gentlemen guests are a rarity today." He rose and took from his pocket a folded form which he spread before the drooping eyes of M. Navarre. "Here is a permanent receipt for your room."

*Paid in full for life (it said) the rent on No. 4229, St. Andrew Hotel*

It was signed by Leach. It was signed by Carter. It was signed by Cummings, and somewhere from the ancient archives of the humming main office in upper New York, the big-shot Carter had found a rubber stamp dating back to his early days when he clerked in his father's hotel.

Flaming red letters marched across the lifetime receipt of that gentleman of France, Mr. Louis Navarre. He read them, and his sunken blue eyes were bright with steely fire again.

"Monsieur is most generous," he said, and dropped asleep contentedly. One might not understand the confusing complexities of America and the top-heavy vastness of its business system which could make mistakes by its very efficiency, but one was not a dolt—and only a dolt could mistake the peace and the magic in the words American Plan.

## ***Sinking City***

LONDON will be 80 feet under the sea 5000 years from now, according to F. H. Mackintosh of that city. The land on which London stands has sunk at least 80 feet during the last 5000 years and the present rate of sinking is about an inch or two every five years.

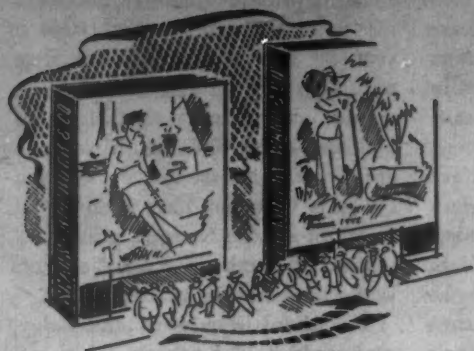
The site of Cardinal Wolsey's palace, built on an embankment 400 years ago, has sunk at least eight feet. As a matter of fact, at one time the whole of the British Isles were 1000 feet higher than at present. Within relatively recent

history one town has already gone to sea: Winchelsea, engulfed in 1287, now lies under the waves off Rye.

Right now a tide five feet higher than any recorded would flood much of London, including the ground floor of Buckingham Palace. Mackintosh asserts that such a tide is within the realm of possibility. It could be produced by the simultaneous occurrence of heavy western gales, rains and high spring tides.

—ROBERT M. HYATT





*City dwellers have stopped making jokes about the mail-order catalog—for they are using it themselves*

## **America's Mail Order Giants**

by KENT SAGENDORPH

**T**HIS MONTH, to more than 12 million American homes, went the new fall editions of Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward general catalogs. To the homes of other uncounted millions went the annual catalogs of many other Chicago mail-order houses: Butler Bros., Spiegel's, Chicago Mail-Order and some score of their colleagues in this most American of enterprises.

This, at a time when merchandise is becoming somewhat scarce, brings into bold relief the fact that millions of us are reverting to the catalog-thumbing habits of 20 years ago.

The lower prices shown in mail-order catalogs do not hold the entire explanation. City dwellers who never saw a Sears-Roebuck or a Ward catalog until this year have now memorized whole sections of them. They are not buying on price, the attraction that built the mail-order

giants. They are not interested in the convenience of parcel-post delivery, as the farmer is. They have discovered that the catalog brings the retail world to them in an indexed form, saving the time needed to shop from store to store. And, perhaps most significant of all, the catalog saves gasoline and rubber, carfare, parking fees and precious hours of free time off the job.

For these city folk, both major chains have set up catalog-order "cubbies" which substitute for the retail store. Some urban centers have small single-width stores that look like airline ticket offices. They have no merchandise at all; merely a modernistic counter, several catalogs and a clerical staff.

While some restricted items are not available through catalogs, the selection remains astonishingly high. Sears and Ward are offering 150,000 sep-



arate items in the current fall catalogs—some of which, of course, are available only to those purchasers with priorities—each item stocked in full assortments of colors and sizes.

THUS THE mail-order giants have arrived at one of the most curious paradoxes in our business history. When they first appeared on the U. S. scene, they aimed primarily at the farmer and competed with the cross-roads village general store. Now their parallel chains of retail stores are competing not only with the big-city department stores, but with their own direct mail-order business, and the "catalog cubby" in the cities. Meanwhile they are performing the functions of wholesalers, retailers, distributors, marketing advisers, stylists, decorators and research experts simultaneously.

The current catalog mirrors this phenomenon. It seems to be pointing everywhere at once. No longer can the mail-order house proclaim, as Sears did for many years, that the catalog is the "Great Price-Maker"; the biggest and cheapest supply house on earth. Forgotten is Richard Sears' great creed: "Keep the price down and the catalog out of the cities." The singleness of purpose which raised Ward and Sears' to astronomical volume is just a legend in the Chicago offices of those firms now, and the frequent subject of nostalgic reminiscences, beginning: "Now, when we were still just a mail-order house—"

Sears and Ward followed the

changing times reluctantly, and until the present decade were always a year or two behind popular style trends. Today, their annual sales volume, combining both their retail and mail-order divisions, is so much greater than it ever was in the good old days that they have been forced to adopt service bureaus, customers' instruction methods, stylists' services and other penalties of size.

If Richard Sears were alive today, and could hold a current Sears catalog in his hand, he'd probably die all over again from apoplexy. It violates almost every principle upon which he built the business. He was the man who handed farm papers and village weeklies half-pages of fine print crammed with superlatives. For his 1901 catalog, he wrote all the copy himself, and jammed 500 words of high-pressure selling, mostly adjectives, into a paragraph less than two inches long. His associate and later general manager of Sears, Louis Asher, wrote:

"One of those paragraphs needed a compass and a chart, and had signposts reading: 'three miles to the next period.'"

He didn't use highfalutin' words. Not he. A stove was just a stove, but:

"money can't buy a better article. This range is made in our own foundry, by skilled mechanics, from the best materials money can buy, is the handsomest, best-burning, best baking, most ornamental, most economical big square oven, high-shelf range made. Operating our own foundry, we furnish better materials, heavier castings, heavier

nickel fittings, better connections and finishing than any other foundry produces. From our own foundry we save you the manufacturer's, wholesaler's and retailer's profit, and give you a better range than you can buy elsewhere. Our special \$15.95 price is based on the actual cost of material and labor with but our one small profit added."

All this in five different faces of four-point type squeezed into a column length of three-quarters of an inch. He had all his woodcuts "mortised" to run in more copy, so that the fine print ran all around the picture of the stove and appeared to emanate from it like steam from a soup kettle.

His ads looked so horrible that Cyrus H. K. Curtis refused to take any Sears-Roebuck advertising in the disciplined columns of *Ladies' Home Journal*. Partially because of the chilly reception he received from the national magazines, Mr. Sears eventually stopped all kinds of outside advertising and expanded the catalog. In 1906 it weighed four pounds, and farmers needed all winter to read it, often perusing one item at a time under circumstances too well-known for repetition.

Both Sears and Ward executives have filed away hundreds of anecdotes about the extracurricular uses of their catalogs, ranging all the way from its handy bulk as a chair pad to raise little Willie up to table level, to its place in certain little shacks on the farm. At Ward, merchandisers told me that one of the secondary uses for

a Ward catalog ever since they began using color has been as a source of cut-out dolls for children, and that lately some of the furniture illustrations have been used to teach classes in interior decoration.

These things are diametrically opposed to Richard Sears' own ideas about what a catalog should be. His were the smallest (page size 6 x 9 inches); the most condensed (type size 4 point), and the cheapest to produce. He once told some of his executives, seriously, (and was quoted by Louis Asher): "Print it on toilet paper. That's all you need as long as you put in a big price-mark. That's what we want the customer to remember."

His influence was continued for two decades after his death. The static appearance of the catalog from year to year was one of its most serious weaknesses, eventually forcing the establishment of chains of retail stores to dispose of mountains of merchandise accumulating from the firms' own factories and which were no longer being sold by that outmoded appeal.

By 1920 most of the articles shown in the catalogs had become downright repulsive. Some standardized items like cream separators have never changed except as to price, but outside of hardware and farm equipment, everything slumped badly in volume immediately after the first World War. The 1921 catalogs show "ladies' alpaca mackintosh" raincoats reaching almost to the ground and nearly identical with the same garment in the 1901 catalog.

During the roaring '20s there was an attempt to modernize this appeal by the increasing use of photographs, but as late as 1929 there was no thorough-going revision. The Ward catalog for that year was full of bizarre blotches of vivid color behind some of the more sensational bargains, but the sales appeal was still strictly corn. "Sensational . . . Mammoth . . . Unparalleled . . ." some of the phraseology sounds like window signs at a fire sale. Multi-colored arrows pointed to big price marks.

Merchandisers at Sears and Ward believe, if they do not always say so publicly, that the advent of Sewell Avery into the presidency of Ward began the trend toward quietness which has resulted in the catalog of today. He believed that even in the early 1930's the catalog was being aimed at the more or less isolated farmer of 1912. Avery declared that the automobile and the paved highway had so extended the rural dweller's radius of action that his tastes and needs differed but little from those of the city dweller.

He led Montgomery Ward into a new catalog era, wherein the old fine print was scrapped and photographs took the place of woodcuts. The Ward catalog developed a sort of "good-better-best" treatment, wherein three

or four qualities of each item were listed and described in that order without colored arrows or fireworks. In one of his first catalogs he applied this technique to sewing machines. Three price-ranges were listed. The first one was said to be "serviceable and economical; solid golden oak case

with five drawers and folding head, built to give many years of uninterrupted service." That was all, except for a line of dots, the code number and the price. Below that, the medium grade was listed as "finished in mahogany veneer, with self-

adjusting shuttle and non-slipping treadle belt, better quality at a medium price." The third entry merely stated, "Top quality, of precision design and finest construction, the equal of any treadle machine."

Instead of the awkward, stereotyped drawings of dresses that looked as if they had been boiled in starch and nailed on a wall, the catalogs began showing illustrations of professional models wearing the dress, frequently with a Palm Beach or Coronado background, without any retouching to mar the effect. One official at Ward's told me of a conference there when this policy first went into effect.

"We had a linoleum design," he said, "that was really beautiful. We commissioned an artist to paint

### *Next Month*

**Who is the most powerful man in Japan today?**

a picture of a bungalow kitchen, with a Ward stove, Ward curtains at the windows, Ward breakfast set and a Ward refrigerator. The manager of the linoleum department looked at it and frowned. 'That pattern is my biggest seller,' he said, 'and this artist has put a big patch of sunlight right in the middle of the floor. I'm selling linoleum, not sunlight. It looks like a hole there. I don't want it.' The manager of the draperies department said: 'That pair of curtains is a good number with me. Yet the artist has shown 'em whipping back in a breeze. I want 'em to hang straight.' Everybody had some kick about the painting, so we didn't use it."

But the introduction of good taste into the mail-order catalog had a rapid tonic effect on volume. With annual sales in the retail stores maintaining a steady increase, the mail-order sales continued to grow. It had always been a standard practice in the retail stores operated by the two chains to provide a catalog desk where people "who didn't see what they wanted could look it up in the catalog."

THE CATALOG department at Ward's mail order house in Chicago has grown in two years from a single counter in one corner of the first floor to a whole section of the store, with a horse-shoe counter running completely around it, capable of accommodating 1,000 shoppers simultaneously. In other large cities, millions of other big-city people are learning about catalogs in similar departments.

Facing an increased demand for catalogs, the mail-order giants are trying to keep up with the demand in spite of ever-mounting obstacles. The paper situation today does not permit unlimited quantities of heavy coated stock for full-color pages.

Sears has print orders for more than *six million copies* of each edition, which is carefully controlled to weigh just under five pounds and held there with such exactitude that a superfluous dab of paste on the mailing label will exceed the allowable weight and cause postmasters to refuse it. Ward's book has about 1200 pages and weighs about 6½ pounds.

Sears' catalog is generally estimated to cost something over one dollar per book, with Ward's running slightly higher. This fall, however, the increased use of offset lithography, "flash-dry" color and rotoprint has probably upped these costs somewhat.

Some of the statistics about these catalogs look like government appropriations. Ward's use 224 different type faces; 80 million pounds of paper; 5 million pounds of ink; occupies 89 high-speed presses day and night for 8 weeks. Five of the biggest printing houses in America work on the catalogs of the several mail-order houses simultaneously.

As soon as the catalogs are out, Sears and Ward officials cordially exchange them. By that time it's too late to make any corrections to meet price changes, and the last few days of a catalog-printing operation have been known to age mail-order men by 10 or 12 years.

At this moment, the aging process is more marked than at any time in mail-order history. These officials know that the war effort has made them remove all tires, tubes, plumbing fixtures, refrigerators, washing machines and more than 25 standard items in what the trade calls "hard goods" of a durable nature. Sears has circumvented some of that loss by expanding its farm-supply services ten-fold: breeding and selling millions of baby chicks, thousands upon thousands of tons of seed, garden supplies and fertilizer. Sears also expects to make up for shortages in other lines by volume of cotton fabrics, rugs and yard goods, of which they seem to have prodigious quantities. But taxes will take 70 per cent of their operating profit this year. And a statement by Robert E. Wood, Chairman of the Board at Sears, warns stockholders that the firm expects to drop about \$100,000,000 in sales volume during 1942 from last year's peak of \$900,000,000.

Nevertheless, the two mail-order giants now face the future serenely, because they have won back the con-

fidence of more than 12 million regular mail-order customers at each establishment, Sears and Ward's. That confidence is expressed daily in the files of the correspondence division, where letters attest the loyalty of this army of American customers who, by buying regularly from the catalogs over a period of years, now have won the honor of a place on the permanent mailing list.

They are the ones who write to Sears: "Send me a shirt, I don't know the size but here is a piece of string with a knot in it to show my neck size." They are typified by the woman in Tennessee who bought a hand-operated washer and set it up in her parlor for the neighbors to see, and wrote to Sears: "You will never know how proud you have made me today." They are like another farmer who wrote: "Send me your \$3.95 watch and if you have a drug store send me the biggest size hypodermic syringe for my mule." Somewhat later he wrote again: "Rec'd my order. The watch stopped running after the first two days but gents that mule is still going."

### *Carlota*

¶ In Pedro, Chile, a statue was erected to a drop of rain. After a 300-year drought, a drop of rain fell in 1925—and the statue was put up in its honor.

¶ There are three odd mountains in South America: one in Brazil, of solid iron; Bolivia's Mount Potosi, of solid silver (it's produced over 20 billion dollars' worth so far); Colombia's beauty parlor mountain—of solid talcum used in face powder.

—ROBERT RIPLEY, AS QUOTED IN THE *Blue Network News*.

by S. K.





## Agent in Italy

*I couldn't hear a sound, either from the corridor and offices beyond the door, or from the sleeping city of Milan outside. All the rest of the world could have died.*

*It was stifling. Italian police stations are badly ventilated. My throat was very dry and I kept coughing. I smoked another cigarette but that made it worse. The smoke hung in the dead air.*

*I tried the door again. My wet palm slipped on the unclean handle. The door was still locked, of course.*

*I didn't know exactly what time it was because they'd taken my watch away from me. I guessed about three in the morning. I was going to be shot at six . . .*

**I** WAS 35 years old. I had lived all my life in Dusseldorf, Germany.

For the nine years ending May 23, 1939, I had been the Reich representative of the largest Italian silk firm, Seta S.A., which has its headquarters in Milan. As such I traveled

a great deal, all over Germany and to Italy three or four times a year.

After Hitler's annexation of Austria in March 1938, a new wave of terror spread over Germany. My closest friend, Hans Klar, a non-Aryan consulting engineer, was caught and shipped off to Dachau.

Because of this, I became involved in helping prisoners get out of Gestapo clutches. From September 1938 to May 1939 I obtained the releases of 242 men and two women. I did this with the help of a Gestapo official, who lived in constant fear that some day things might change and that he would be "ground under" himself. He hoped that we would remember then that he had acted like a human being. From him I also obtained a very complete knowledge of the actual inner set-up of Himmler's secret police organization.

However, I paid for this. One morn-

by "S.K."

ing I was told I had 24 hours in which to leave Germany. Before I left, I reached an underground man I knew and gave him the lens of my camera to be delivered to me in Italy.

Arrived in Milan, I went to a cheap rooming house. Next morning I had to go to the *Questura*—police headquarters—to report and get a residence permit.

Back at my rooming house, the landlady told me a *Questura* agent had just been there to question her about me. When I showed her my six months' *soggiorno*, she told me:

"Then it is all right. Just be careful what you say in front of our janitor—he's the police agent for the house."

Only with the approval of the *Questura* may a house owner in Italy employ a janitor. He is the official informer, and must report weekly to the police about everything that goes on in his building, including the tenants' mail.

Before Italy declared war against France, there was no official mail censorship; every letter from abroad nevertheless was opened, read, sometimes photographed, and then mailed on by the secret censorship of the *Questura*. Foreign and domestic censorship became official June 10, 1940.

When I passed through the courtyard out into the street later that day, a man who had been leaning against the wall reading a newspaper, strolled after me.

I was shadowed all day every day of that week. But on Monday, May

29, when I came out into the street, there was only the janitor who nodded at me, cigar in mouth.

Then I went to see Commendatore Luigi Venturi, my employer for nine years. The moment I came in, he moved round from behind his desk and shook my hand in both of his. But his manner was reserved.

"In Milan nearly a week and you haven't come to see me until now?"

I was afraid to, I said. I knew the *Questura* tapped telephone wires, and a call might have embarrassed him.

"Embarrassed me? How?"

I told him the story of my expulsion from Düsseldorf.

"You have nothing to fear here. We're not barbarians like your Nazis."

"I know, but I have an idea the Düsseldorf Gestapo may still be very interested in me."

"Impossible!" he burst out angrily. "They can't do anything in Italy. They wouldn't dare! Why don't you come to Rome with me? I'm a quite powerful man in Italy. The *Questura* cannot make trouble for me."

### ***Les Misérables Underground***



THIS WAS a time of big political change in Italy. On May 22—the day before I left Düsseldorf—she and Germany signed their military treaty, and Italy resounded with declarations of friendship with Hitler.

Because of this reorientation of Italian foreign policy, I was asked a lot

of questions about Germany. Of all the questions that were asked, those of Mario Palcini, a medical student, were the most probing. To avoid having to answer fully, I asked about conditions in Italy. He replied with surprising frankness and freely criticized the regime.

I pointed to his Fascist emblem. "You a Fascist, yet you're not afraid to criticize the unpleasant things in your country."

He said slowly: "You say not every German is a Nazi. Well, not every man who wears a Fascist emblem is a Fascist. It was your own German poet Heine who said that a baptismal certificate is the pass to good society. In Italy, the pass to study, to earning a living and a decent life, is the party emblem. Don't forget that."

So, little by little, evening after evening, we came to the point where he admitted belonging to an anti-Fascist underground organization which had heard that the Gestapo had begun to work in Italy, and they were looking for someone who could explain its organization to them in detail. He was convinced I had been ejected from Germany and therefore knew something about the Gestapo.

I told him how and why I had been ejected from Germany.

Palcini told me a little more about his underground organization, though in very general terms. I said I would like to work with it. He suggested dinner together one evening.

I got to the little osteria on Via

Gonani at eight-thirty. It was Wednesday, June 7, 1939. We were just finishing our meal when a man came in and stepped over to our table. He was poorly dressed and kept his hat on his head. He gave us a partial look at a blue credential card half hidden in his hand and told us to come with him. We got into a taxi and rode along through the dark streets.

After less than 10 minutes we pulled up in a side street and got out. Palcini paid the driver (in Italy and Germany prisoners always pay the taxi). The detective unlocked the little door in a high blank wall and we climbed a flight of wooden steps to a stone-floored corridor. The man who had arrested us pushed me into a small office and locked the door.

I was left in that room over two hours, maybe three. I had no intention of going back to Germany. I took out of my pocket my tiny box of potassium cyanide and put it into the secret pocket under my armpit. I waited.

About one o'clock the door opened. I was led into another office where a man about 40, seated behind a desk, demanded the real reason I had come to Italy. I was no friend of the Axis.

I denied it, and he became violently angry and shouted that I had already used my short time in Italy to work against the regime. I denied it.

At a nod from him, a younger man got up and went out and came back with Palcini, who was very pale.

by "S. K."

The older man read aloud to him the last few questions and my denials. Now what did Palcini have to say?

Palcini testified that I had tried to involve him in a plot against the regime; had spread vicious rumors about Germany, and had severely criticized Italian laws. He went on, repeating details of several of our conversations; all my remarks strung together in the most incriminating way.

The older official stood up and informed me that I was guilty of high treason and would be executed at 6 a.m.

Did I have any requests? Yes. I wanted to telephone Venturi. The man refused me, but pointed to pen and ink on the desk.

I sat down to write and then realized there was nothing I could say. How explain even the simple facts? And what sense was there in writing what I felt?

I was led back to the little room and heard the key turn in the lock. At six I would be shot . . .

Hours went by in that windowless room . . . Then the door came open suddenly. Palcini stood in the doorway.

"It's all right now," he said in a queer voice. He handed me a small bottle of liquor.

I took a drink. It was getting near six.

His lips twisted peculiarly. "You're a cool customer."

"Did you come here to tell me that?"

"You must understand. The underground tests its friends first."

The official who had sentenced me was suddenly standing behind him. Yes, yes, he said, this was a test.

Palcini put his hands on my shoulders. "I'm sorry we were so hard on you. But we have to be careful."

"It was the letter from Commendatore Venturi that convinced them," Palcini said. "Besides you were so filled with despair. No *agent provocateur* could act the part so well."

Suddenly I got bitterly angry and struck Palcini in the face with my fist. He staggered back, staring . . . I got hold of myself, finally, and Palcini and I went out the side door and into the street.

In a bookstore window stood large photographs of Mussolini and Hitler on either side of copies of Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

### **Espionage**



IN ROME I went to live in a better-class section. Only one block away lay the Corso, all-important hub of Rome's social life. Here I could stroll daily, sure to meet people of importance without seeming to seek them out. Here rumors begin; here rumors can be tracked down and verified or exploded.

A few weeks later, Venturi introduced me into the Circolo della Caccia (Hunt Club), whose membership includes old aristocracy, high officers,

government and party leaders. Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano gave most of his political dinners there.

In every public place in Italy there are two placards. One says: *Qui non si parla di politica et alta strategia* (Here one does not talk about politics and high strategy). The other bears the face of a steel-helmeted soldier with a finger to his lips, and the words: *Tace, tace, tace!*—Be silent, be silent, be silent!

But everybody talks politics. The spirit of these two placards is especially flouted in the Caccia, where men gathered every evening to discuss political events, criticize the government, and, as happened later, to hatch a plot against the regime.

At one club I made the acquaintance of Gr. Off. Count Roberto Pinelli, who held a post in the State Undersecretariat of the Ministry of War, a permanent post not subject to changes dictated by inner Fascist politics.

Though in his lapel he wore the founder emblem of the Fascist party—which meant he had been a member since 1919, he had moved considerably away, and I caught hints of his underlying hope that Fascism could and would eventually lead to the spiritual consolidation of Italy and the adoption of democratic principles.

One afternoon I met Richard Sprago, a citizen of a great democratic nation, whom I had known quite well in Berlin.

We began to talk politics. At this

time Germany's propaganda about Danzig was getting up full steam; the threat of war against Poland made it sinister. Sprago said he was unable to see how Italy could help Germany very much in a Polish war.

I said Italy was not going to help Germany at all. That had been settled at the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini.

"What meeting?" Sprago asked in surprise.

"The first of July at the Brenner Pass."

He stared at me. "What happened there?"

I told him what I had learned from Pinelli who was a member of Mussolini's staff; that Mussolini had told Hitler that Italy was not ready for a third war and that therefore he was ready to promote a "Munich" peace over the Polish question. Hitler had rejected this, whereupon Mussolini had countered with another proposal: to forestall a two-front war by neutralizing Russia with a Russo-German mutual non-aggression pact.

Mussolini's insistent advice infuriated Hitler, who at once contemptuously released Mussolini from the war clause of the Axis treaty.

Sprago said: "Not a word of that meeting has been published."

"Surely you don't depend on newspapers for your information?"

"It is impossible for us to find reliable people. Our information comes only from the government offices, the Propaganda Ministry, and the news-



by "S. K."

papers. We hear rumors, of course, but we have no way of finding out if they are true or false." He stopped and then added slowly: "I suppose quite a number of people in the government know about this secret meeting of Hitler and Mussolini."

"Not many."

"Where did you hear about it?"

" . . . I heard it."

He blew out a great cloud of smoke.

"I suppose you hear other things too."

"Yes."

"Are you positive your information is correct?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you and I will be seeing each other more or less frequently—socially. If you should hear anything else of interest to us—"

"I'd be very glad to . . ."

We left it at that.

### **The Italian Underground**



UNOFFICIAL DEAN of the émigré corps was the bitterly anti-Nazi Franz Kerbel of Czech origin but legally a German. For 20 years he had had one of the finest jewelry establishments in Rome. He was, in fact, the favorite jeweler of government and party people and had the special sympathy of Countess Edda (Mussolini) Ciano though he was no longer a young man. Business was good, and Kerbel had an open hand for all émigrés of whose anti-Nazism he was convinced.

He would be particularly useful to me because he had personal relationships with so many men and women prominent in society or in important posts. The morning after seeing Sprago I arranged to dine with him.

I told him I had an idea how we could do some practical anti-Axis work. There was a lot of important political information to be gathered by men such as he and I.

He said: "Three or four people working cleverly together here in Rome might be very valuable to one of the anti-Axis powers. But it is dangerous." His friendly eyes were resting on me noncommittally.

I hinted broadly that I knew how to insure the information reaching an important anti-Axis power.

He was silently thoughtful a long time before he said: "From time to time I have passed information to journalists from democratic countries. They've sent their stories out through Switzerland to get around the Italian censors, and the information was printed in their papers. But it is not too satisfactory."

I said I could promise that information would be properly evaluated, adding, "You understand there is no money to be made in this."

He raised his bushy eyebrows. "No? Why not?"

"Do you want money for it?"

He shook his head slowly from side to side without saying anything.

"Neither do I."

Presently he said: "There's a girl



in Rome you must meet. She has the finest possible connections with the Propaganda Ministry . . . and she's very good-looking."

These two, Kerbel and Ingrid Soederberg, became deliberate and open collaborators of mine. That means: we were aware of what we were doing, though I never went into detail about my connections.

In addition, I had Commendatore Venturi and Count Pinelli as sources of information or, as more often happened, confirmation. Neither one of these Italians ever suspected that I had become an espionage agent.

First by accident, afterward by means of scrupulously careful scheming, I moved in the most important circles in Italy: the government and party leaders embracing ministries, army, navy, and the party itself. Through Kerbel and Soederberg I had lines running into sectors where I did not move myself. Much of our attention necessarily would be fixed on Germans. Therefore, paradoxically, it was an advantage to be in Rome, not Berlin.

Germans in Italy today feel themselves the real rulers of the country. By adroit conversational maneuvers it is possible to make these "Allies" talk freely—to encourage their boastfulness by a mixture of admiration and provocation.

My incredible ignorance provoked people—Italians as well as Germans—into giving me detailed explanations of matters I wanted to know.

Also, except with Venturi and Pinelli, I acquired the reputation of being a woman-chaser with not the dimmest idea of international events. People even marveled to my face that I was able to earn a living.

PALCINI HAD given me a letter of introduction to the underground's contact man in Rome, Carlo Bellini, at one of the ministries. One of the first days I was sure I was not being shadowed I went there and was shown into his small private office. I handed him the letter.

"I have been expecting you," he said, after he had read it. He lighted a match and set fire to the letter, catching the ashes in an envelope.

We had dinner together the same evening.

"Why did you leave Germany?"

"For business reasons, and for the reasons I told Palcini."

With deceptive candor he said: "It's extraordinary that a plain businessman should interest himself in getting prisoners released."

I shrugged.

He got up, went into another room, then brought a small flannel-wrapped object and handed it to me. It was the camera lens I had sent via underground from Düsseldorf.

Bellini sat down again. "I asked the messenger to bring it here this afternoon because you were coming for dinner. I suppose you know that's what focused our attention on you in the first place."

by "S. K."

"But why?" I asked. "Camera lenses can't be so rare, even if it is illegal to own a camera."

"Because it came via the underground." Bellini was choosing his words carefully.

Thereafter I saw him frequently. I learned that Italy's anti-Fascist underground movement consisted of two large groups, one the so-called Matteotti group and the other the Communist-Anarchist. The Matteotti is in fact a people's front, for it embraces political persuasions ranging from social democrats on the left over to and including the aristocracy on the right. Its membership was 300,000 at that time. The smaller group had grown out of a union of Communists and Anarchists. In 1939 it numbered perhaps 100,000.

Penetration of the regime has gone so far that one of the largest party organizations has become virtually a branch of the underground. It would be unfair to reveal which Fascist organization this is, as it will have a key role when the regime falls.

Soon I learned that Bellini had reached the unaided conclusion that I had come from the German underground. The hint came when Pinelli remarked to me one day, "I find it hard to believe there is not a strong underground movement in Germany."

"Perhaps."

"And I would imagine there is one in Italy too. Don't you think so?"

I replied that it was possible.

He looked sidelong at me. "I'm sure there is a strong underground movement here. And frankly, I could understand such people. It's quite possible they will have an important role in the Italy of the future."

"No doubt."

"Of course," he said, looking away from me again and speaking casually, "not every man who has the confidence of the underground would be trustworthy. But certain men—yes."

That was as far as he went. But this hint was all I needed to see that somehow Bellini—the underground—must have given him to understand that I was all right. He certainly had no direct or formal connection with them. But I was certain that he knew of their existence and helped them whenever he could.

By MID-AUGUST I was ready to see Sprago. At our meeting, he brought along a friend of his, a man of about 50. Despite civilian clothes he was obviously a soldier. He was the military attache at Sprago's legation, and I will refer to him hereafter only as the Colonel.

He went straight to the point. "We can use reliable information . . . I'm glad you're in a position to give it."

I said I had three conditions. The first was that whenever I requested it, my information be forwarded to the British and the French. I might be coming into possession of certain military and naval data which would be useful to them.

My second condition was that he never ask me what my sources of information were.

The Colonel glanced at Sprago, who said: "I have known K— for some time. If he says a thing is so, I think we can rely on him."

The Colonel nodded again.

And my third condition was that I and my collaborators accept no pay.

For a long time the Colonel said nothing. He looked from me to Sprago and back again several times, and when he spoke he continued to watch us both attentively.

"You're putting me in a very difficult position," he began. "Your first two conditions are intelligent and to the point. But the third—you see, that can be not only what a perfectly sincere man would say—"

I said no; he couldn't possibly mean that.

"I could—possibly," he said.

On the contrary, I pointed out, a Nazi agent wanting to gain confidence would make every effort to behave like a professional spy and demand pay. He would not risk arousing suspicion in the very beginning by offering to work without pay.

Before parting we arranged methods of communication; no written reports, no fixed meeting place, no regular time. But we began by comparing our list of social engagements and discovered that in several cases we had been invited to the same homes; we were sure to meet there. Then we would continue comparing

social engagements. In emergencies I would telephone Sprago that I was in the neighborhood, whereupon the Colonel and I would meet in a pre-arranged series of cafes around town.

### Germany's First Grab



SEVERAL TIMES at Pinelli's I had met a Westphalian German named Rudolf Bergdorff who was generally regarded as a good Nazi. But according to Pinelli, who thought he knew him intimately, Bergdorff had originally left Germany because he had seen Naziism coming and hated it. He was behaving like a Nazi only to save himself annoyance.

So one evening in October at Pinelli's, I talked to Bergdorff about the changes in the Rome branch of the Arbeitsfront, the German workers' organization.

Within two days Bergdorff sought me out to tell me that the Arbeitsfront itself now occupied only one room of its building: all the others on both floors were taken up by new people. To the surprisingly observant Bergdorff, the bulletins on the walls, the military bearing of all the men, the tone and content of the casual remarks he overheard, were unmistakable. The Gestapo had moved in.

Bergdorff insisted on continuing the investigation, for our own satisfaction, as he put it. We found that the German secret political police were digging in for what looked like a perma-

by "S. K."

nent stay in Italy. At the beginning, personnel had come from the regular Gestapo officials and men who happened to speak Italian. But now they were being trained specially, at Italian expense.

The Italian police academy in Tivoli, 19 miles from Rome, opened its regular colonial courses to them. The Gestapo began to send classes of three and four hundred men there for two reasons: it was an innocent-looking way of getting Gestapo people into Italy, and it gave them an opportunity to study the Questura organization and learn fluent Italian.

At first the Italians were very flattered that the Gestapo came to them to learn. But the irony of the result was not lost on all of the Italians, who came only later to realize what happened. The Gestapo men didn't go to any colonies; Italy had few and Germany none. The Gestapo men were stationed all over Italy, in cities and in small towns. The victim had begun to train its conqueror's army of occupation.

FEAR OF WAR was spreading. The rich Poles who had fled to Rome in September all prepared to go to Spain. The American Ambassador warned Americans to leave Italy.

War agitation in the Italian press approached fever heat. The papers preached entry into the war to satisfy Italian aspirations toward French territory and for a "free" (i.e. Italian) Mediterranean—*Mare Nostrum*.

But the wide mass of people could not be aroused. Laundry soap and sugar were added to the ration list; potatoes disappeared; bread contained one quarter corn meal, and on Sundays there was not enough milk even for the sick and the children.

Pinelli told me on the eighth that within two days Mussolini would proclaim a state of war with France and England from his balcony on the Palazzo Venezia.

At noon on Monday, June 10, Fascist party men went from house to house and office to office with lists of names and ordered everyone to appear in the Piazza Venezia at three o'clock.

Il Duce began his speech. Wild cheers broke from the crowd at intervals. On the balcony stood Mussolini; behind him one or two functionaries; and also a man who at every resounding ferocious period gave arm signals to the party men scattered among the crowd. These men stood with their eyes not on Mussolini but on the head cheerleader behind him. When he signaled for cheers they yelled, and their contingents did likewise. There was no voice of approval except when the party men cued it.

Such was the spirit of the Italian people the day Mussolini led them to war. The people were frantic and ugly-tempered. The street patrol of Rome by Questura plain-clothes men was doubled, from two thousand to four thousand. On a wall in Trastevere someone had written in red

across the face of the shelter instructions: *Dove per noi poveri?*—Where for us poor people?

Immediate danger for Rome ended one week after Mussolini's speech. On June 17 the French asked for an armistice; negotiations began, and the French army laid down its arms. Mussolini's proclamation of victory referred to a "break-through" by the Italians across the Alps.

The following week a lieutenant colonel on the staff of Crown Prince Umberto, then a division general in command of the army attacking France, told me that if the French had not collapsed under the German avalanche in the north, the Italians could not have held their own front, much less have broken through. The French had in fact been wonderfully well fortified in the Alps, and the Italians had to advance up open slopes against murderous fire. Huddled in valleys to bivouac, by morning many units had lost half their men in killed and wounded. Later I saw photographs taken by a soldier on that front; it was true.

### ***Espionage à la Oppenheim***



UP TO THIS time, although I had been watched by various Gestapo men they had evidently considered me unsuspicious enough not to put a really good agent on the case. Consequently I found it easy to throw them off the track.

Once, however, they nearly got me.

An elderly prince I knew introduced me to Gerda Witra, a striking young woman of about 26. He was seen everywhere with her and it was understood that he was keeping her more for appearances than because his libido was active. I saw her very frequently and found her a lovely person . . . I had the impression that she was fond of me too.

So I felt as if I had been hit in the stomach when Bellini asked me if I knew she received visits from Hans Ettel whose brother is head of the Nazi party in Italy.

"I'm sure," he added, "she's working for the Gestapo."

I think this was the most unpleasant surprise I have ever had. I couldn't accept the truth of what Bellini said.

I had never been near her apartment in the forenoon, but now I watched the building entrance for three days until I saw Ettel go in. I waited fifteen minutes, then entered the building and went up to the third floor by the stairs. I let myself into the apartment without a sound.

I could hear her voice and, after a few seconds, a man's voice. Ettel's tone was impatient. "What about K—?"

"Nothing yet," she said. I remember being greatly astonished at the lightness of her tone.

Ettel demanded: "Is he as big a fool as everybody says?"

"Yes," she said.



by "S. K."

I felt as sheepish and foolish as a little boy.

Ettel said: "You don't seem very certain of yourself."

Apparently she got angry. "I've told you all I know. He never talks about anything except movies and singing and places he's been."

"You must get him to talk more than that."

"I've tried," she said. She never had.

I stepped back into a closet as Ettel went out, and then I left.

The next night I went to her apartment as usual. She behaved as she always had. She made no attempt to make me talk about anyone I knew in Rome or about political topics. She said that the Principe would be back in Rome the following week and then she would break off with him.

I don't know if Ettel visited her again that week. I went along as before, but I still had that sick feeling. The incident shook my confidence in my ability to study and understand people. It may be absurd and youthfully romantic to say so, but with all my watchfulness, I detected nothing in that girl other than that she had become honestly fond of me. I say only "fond" because I don't know. Too many other factors were involved to be clear about that.

The next night I stopped in at the Caccia Club. When I found the Principe I complimented him enthusiastically on his lady friend.

He laughed with pleasure. Good figure she had, eh?

Oh, yes, I went on. I thought Signorina Witra was wonderful. In fact, I had every intention of stealing her away from him. He had better watch out.

There was some alarm in his good-natured little eyes when we parted.

The next day he took her away from Rome to an estate of his on the northern coast. I had a note from her by messenger saying she could not refuse to go. I never saw her again in Rome.

### Our Sons Are Dying



MAY. A BEAUTIFUL spring day on the Corso. The tables were full of German and Italian officers and elegantly dressed and jeweled women.

A group of some 20 women with shopping bags, crossing the Corso on their way to the markets, slowed down at sight of the chocolate, rich cakes and milk on the café tables. They stopped at a table of five army officers.

"Why aren't you at the front? . . . No milk for our children . . . our sons are dying and you loaf here . . ." The crowd of women surged forward; tables were overturned.

This incident reflected the feeling of the Italian people after a winter full of privation on the home front and humiliating and disastrous wars in Greece and Libya. The Russian



war was extremely unpopular, being regarded as a purely German problem, and so far, Mussolini had gained nothing for Italy out of all his collaboration with the Nazis. Instead, German domination had gone so far that it was a common saying that Mackensen, the German Ambassador, not Mussolini, ruled Italy.

During this time I had been reporting regularly to the Colonel. One of the most important of my discoveries was that the nub of German trade with South America centered in Madrid where a prince of a widely known dynasty operated as a middleman. He received three thousand dollars for each navicert he obtained from the British for his importations supposedly meant for the Spanish market but in reality shipped through unoccupied France to Germany. Following my report, London refused further certificates to the prince.

The information I was able to obtain was often helpful to the actual armed forces. When the British successfully bombed Naples, the Germans had to use Patras instead to ship material to Libya. I notified the Colonel of this and within a fortnight Patras suffered an annihilating British raid.

Often I would pick up a bit of information which when added to what was already known would reveal a whole pattern of Axis activity. Thus in March, 1940, the German-Japanese collaboration became evident long before any pact was signed. Pinelli

told me that negotiations had been successfully concluded to permit the shipment of German soldiers across Russia to Japan, and from a Nazi flyer I learned that two squadrons of Stukas complete with pilots, ground crew, etc., had already arrived in Japan. Later I found that Ambassador Grew's supposedly secret talks with Japanese Foreign Minister Matsouka were reported daily to German Ambassador Von Ott in Tokyo, who short-waved them to Berlin. In turn the Italian War Office was informed. Thus the Japanese purpose was clear . . . to play off the United States against the Axis.

The underground had been extremely successful in fanning discontent into open demonstrations. There had been serious ones in Milan, Turin, and Genoa, all resulting in sweeping arrests. But biggest of all had been the factory dynamiting in Pola near Trieste in December. This spectacular act of sabotage was not reported by the Fascist regime nor had it ever been reported elsewhere.

In April another act of sabotage occurred which has never been reported either in Italy or elsewhere.

The harbor of Spezia is Italy's greatest naval base, ideal for the shelter and repair of fighting ships. On an April night, explosion after explosion rocked the outer harbor and smashed hundreds of windows in the sleeping town. Flames from one oil reservoir shot high and the other reservoirs caught fire too. Two submarines were

by "S. K."

badly damaged. Many sailors and civilian laborers were burned by spraying oil.

Investigation by both Questura and Gestapo started at once. Hundreds were questioned, but they could find no clue as to how the saboteurs had managed to set fire to the tanks which were extraordinarily well guarded.

Earlier that year Bellini had asked me to get Pinelli to pass on some petitions for transfer of workers to Spezia. I suspected that these men must have had something to do with it. I questioned Bellini about this, but he merely shrugged and said that Pinelli undoubtedly understood from the beginning that we were up to something.

"I feel that Pinelli and I have something in common. We are both in service to Italy. We won't deliver her to her enemies but we will do anything — including murder — to smash the Fascist regime and get our people out of this Hitler war."

In this, he proved to be right. After my two years and three months in wartime Italy I am convinced that peace is the only goal of the Italian people.

As a whole they have begun to grasp that Fascism no longer has an independent existence. Take away the German soldiers whose bayonets are pinning Italy to the Axis and the fabric of Fascism would vanish. Mussolini knows this; the Italian people know it and the Germans know it.

The underground leaders do not

plan revolt now because it would lead only to senseless slaughter. They are waiting . . . for the defeat of Germany or the invasion of Italy itself by the United Nations which would be welcomed and abetted by the mass of people. On that day the underground plans to set up a provisional government. It will immediately "freeze" the property of all Fascists and take control of industry.

These drastic measures will be purely temporary in character, for the underground leaders desire one thing above all: that the people shall, as promptly as possible, have a free opportunity to vote and a general election at regular local and national elections ever after.

### *The Room with Many Windows*



ONE DAY I met a 40-year-old German minister from Cologne in the official Italian travel bureau on the Piazza Esedera where he was buying a plane ticket to Lisbon. He attracted my attention because of his erect carriage—the carriage of a military man beneath the clerical garb. He told me he was going to Argentina via the United States.

It is a big thing, I said, to shift the foundation of one's entire life—especially in wartime.

Yes. And to shift all of one's effects. It was costing him two dollars a kilo to send his vanload of effects to Buenos Aires.

I laughed. A vanload?

He said, "I must take my books—and my clothes, and an automobile."

I knew that a favorite method of transporting airplane parts to South America was to build in smaller airplane parts under false floors or within the engines of automobiles appearing in shipping records as belonging to Spaniards traveling to South America.

I asked him why, since it cost so much, he was taking a car.

He didn't answer.

The following afternoon Pinelli made one of his rare telephone calls to me from his office: I must visit him that evening.

Pinelli gave no reason for his call until we had finished fruit and coffee and moved into the library; rain prevented our sitting out on the terrace. Suddenly he said:

"I think the time has come for you to leave Italy."

"Why?"

He shook his head and said carefully: "I suspect you yourself know that your presence here isn't considered as harmless as it was before . . . I don't think I have to say any more."

I stopped in to see Kerbel in the arcade coffeehouse. He told me the military-looking clergyman had not been seen there again. I went to his pensione. He had given up his trip to the Americas and returned to Germany.

I knew then that I had asked the one fatal extra question that betrayed

too much interest. I had frightened off an important Gestapo agent.

On the morning of the third day after seeing Pinelli, I got back my passport with the necessary visas. I sent my camera lens by underground to Lisbon, but carried the case with me as before.

I said good-by only to Sprago, the Colonel, Venturi and Bellini. That was all there was time, or wisdom, for, and one morning—rain still falling in a chilling, pervading wetness—I left the Stazione di Termini for Turin. There I changed for Mentone, where the Italian-French customs examinations were held.

I walked into the main room filled with chattering passengers. Bored officials stood behind long, low tables on which lay opened valises.

On my arm I was carrying a light spring topcoat and my raincoat. Concealed in the lining of the topcoat was a document of some importance. To close my bags after examination, I dropped the two coats momentarily on the low table. Unthinkingly I moved a few steps back to let some people pass. At that moment I felt a hand on my shoulder. An officer of the *Milizia Ferroviaria* asked me my name, nodded, and then told me to follow him and a corporal who stood at his heels.

We pushed through the noisy crowd to the *Milizia* office, where the officer—a lieutenant—took me and the corporal into a small bare room.

First he examined my passport with

by "S. K."

minute attention. Then my other papers. He had instructions to search me thoroughly, he said. A squat blond man walked in and half sat on the edge of a table. He said nothing. Rain streamed down the windowpane.

I stripped. They took every article of clothing I had on and examined it thoroughly. With scissors they undid the stitching of my jacket sleeve lining to see if anything was concealed in the shoulder pads. In preparation for the journey, I had ripped out my tiny secret pocket; my packet of poison was in my medicine case.

Their examination took the better part of an hour. No word of explanation was offered; no comments made.

They found nothing. The lieutenant looked at the silent blond man and spread his hands in a southern gesture. The corporal grinned a little

maliciously at me and went out. I got dressed again. The lieutenant and the silent blond man watched me.

I went down into the large hall. It was empty. My coats still lay where I had left them beside my bags . . .

After a dreary five-day journey I arrived in Lisbon and went to the American consulate to get a transit visa.

I opened the door and stepped into a large room. At a desk stood a man with an impersonal, courteous smile on his face. He seemed an immense distance away in that enormous room filled with gray light.

But in the moment that I stepped over the threshold, the gray light changed, and suddenly the sun streamed out through the clouds, over the city, filling the room with its warmth and light.

### ***Part Time Profits***

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

**Results of  
balloting  
on Projects  
#22 and #23**

Last month this space being given over to announcing the Coronet cover girl contest winner, results of both Projects No. 22 and No. 23 are herewith combined.

On Project No. 22 (The Portfolio of Personalities) alternate a.—to continue our present policy of building each month's personalities around a central theme—earned an easy ma-

jority of your votes (64%). Only 3% of all who voted wanted to see the feature discontinued.

So the ayes have it.

On Project No. 23 (The Best I Know) the vote to continue "as is" was even more overwhelming. An enthusiastic 72% want the feature regularly—and another 22% would even have us expand it.

So in it stays—and we'll keep the expansion idea in mind.

**WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT # 22**

For the best letters on Project No. 22, first prize has been awarded to Charles D. Orth 3rd, New York City; second prize to Ivy M. Howard, San Francisco, Calif.; and third prize to Lt. A. Paley, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

**WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT # 23**

For the best letters on Project No. 23, first prize has been awarded to Lt. J. M. DeVolentine, Perrin Field, Sherman, Tex.; second prize to Margaret Butler, Providence, R. I.; and third prize to Robert L. Eddy, Warsaw, N. Y.

***The Coronet Dividend Coupon***

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



**READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 21**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *The Spirit of New China*, as my free September reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling), if I so indicate.

- ☐ Are You Color-Blind? (enclose 10c)  
☐ The Spirit of New China: Painting by Martha Sawyers (no charge)  
☐ Painted Desert: Color Photograph by Paul Garrison (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**Notes** Reprints may be ordered only on this coupon—valid to October 25, 1942



## The Coronet Round Table

### Should Roosevelt Be Elected to a Fourth Term?

*A Personal Opinion by Emil Ludwig, distinguished author and biographer of many of the world's outstanding figures*

LET US HAVE NO EARTH-quake on the first Tuesday of November, 1944. This seems a long way to look ahead, but certainly that is no crime in a world that is suffering acutely from short-sightedness. If there is still war during the next presidential election, then any thought of changing leaders would be foolish and dangerous.

Do not change the helmsman in the middle of the storm, even if you question his ability. But concerning the ability of America's helmsman, even if you disagree with his domestic



politics, there can be no question. You have but to look at his face to see the qualities of quiet courage and steady wisdom that have made him great in his country's severest crisis.

To anyone speaking of tradition, I would say that it has already been broken.

If a woman marries a second time, she may as well marry a third or fourth time.

But what is tradition today? An anchor to the past at a time when we all must bravely sail forward at full speed into the future!

#### **Do You Agree or Disagree? Prizes for Best Letters!**

Not until 1944 will Americans go to the polls to pick their next president. Nevertheless, the question WHO? is as timely today as it will be then. One phase of this question which will be hotly argued pro and con is the issue of a possible fourth term for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Emil Ludwig, German exile and biographer of FDR, has given *his* personal opinion above. But what do *you* think? For the best letter, either agreeing or disagreeing, we will pay \$25. For second best, \$15. Third best, \$5. Letters must not exceed 200 words, and will be judged solely on the basis of clear reasoning, originality and conciseness. October 25th is the deadline. Mail entries to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.





